

PR

2810

A2H8

1908



Class PR2810

Book A2H8  
1908

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**

1882





SHAKESPEARE'S

HENRY IV. PART FIRST.

WITH

INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL

*FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.*

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.



3  
3  
3  
3  
3  
3

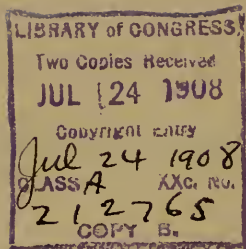
GINN & COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

PR 2810

.A2H8

1908



Shakespeareana

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by  
HENRY N. HUDSON,  
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

26.4

C  
C  
C  
C  
C  
C  
C  
C

**The Athenæum Press**  
GINN & COMPANY • PRO-  
PRIETORS • BOSTON • U.S.A.

# INTRODUCTION.

---

## History of the Play.

JOHNSON rightly observes that the First and Second Parts of KING HENRY THE FOURTH are substantially one drama, the whole being arranged as two only because too long to be one. For this cause it seems best to regard them as one in what follows, and so dispose of them both together. The writing of them must be placed at least as early as 1597, when the author was thirty-three years old. The First Part was registered at the Stationers' for publication in February, 1598, and was published in the course of that year. There were also four other quarto issues of the play before the folio edition of 1623. The Second Part was first published in 1600, and there is not known to have been any other edition of it till it reappeared along with the First Part in the folio. It is pretty certain, however, for reasons to be stated presently, that the Second Part was written before the entry of the First Part at the Stationers' in 1598.

It is beyond question that the original name of Sir John Falstaff was Sir John Oldcastle; and a curious relic of that naming survives in Act i. scene 2, where the Prince calls Falstaff "my *old* lad of the *castle*." And we have several other strong proofs of the fact; as in the Epilogue to the Second Part: "For any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard

opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." Also, in *Amends for Ladies*, a play by Nathaniel Field, printed in 1618 : "Did you never see the play where the *fat Knight*, hight *Oldcastle*, did tell you truly what this honour was?" which clearly alludes to Falstaff's soliloquy about honour in the First Part, Act v. scene 1. Yet the change of name must have been made before the play was entered in the Stationers' books, as that entry mentions "the conceited mirth of Sir John *Falstaff*." And we have one small but pretty decisive mark inferring the Second Part to have been written before that change was made : in the quarto edition of this Part, Act i. scene 2, one of Falstaff's speeches has the prefix *Old*; the change in that instance being probably left unmarked in the printer's copy. All which shows that both Parts were originally written long enough before February, 1598, for the author to see cause for changing the name.

"Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," was much distinguished as a Wickliffite martyr, and his name was held in high reverence by the Protestants in Shakespeare's time. And the purpose of the change in question probably was to rescue his memory from the profanations of the stage. Thus much seems hinted in the forcited passage from the Epilogue, and is further approved by what Fuller says in his *Church History* : "Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and is substituted buffoon in his place."

Another motive for the change may have been the better to distinguish Shakespeare's play from *The Famous Victo-*

ries of *Henry the Fifth*; a play which had been on the stage some years, and wherein Sir John Oldcastle was among the names of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as were also Ned and Gadshill. There is no telling with any certainty when or by whom *The Famous Victories* was written. It is known to have been on the boards as early as 1588, because one of the parts was acted by Tarleton, the celebrated comedian, who died that year. And Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592, thus alludes to it: "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dauphin to swear fealty." It was also entered at the Stationers' in 1594; and a play called *Harry the Fifth*, probably the same, was performed in 1595; and not less than three editions of it were printed. All which tells strongly for its success and popularity. The action of the play extends over the whole time occupied by Shakespeare's *King Henry the Fourth* and *King Henry the Fifth*. The Poet can hardly be said to have built upon it or borrowed from it at all, any further than taking the above-mentioned names. The play is indeed a most wretched and worthless performance; being altogether a mass of stupid vulgarity; at once vapid and vile; without the least touch of wit in the comic parts, or of poetry in the tragic; the verse being such only to the eye; Sir John Oldcastle being a dull, low-minded profligate, uninformed with the slightest felicity of thought or humour; the Prince, an irredeemable compound of ruffian, blackguard, and hypocrite; and their companions, the fitting seconds of such principals: so that to have drawn upon it for any portion or element of Shakespeare's *King Henry the Fourth* were much the same as "extracting sunbeams from cucumbers."

### Abstract of the Historic Matter.

In these plays, as in others of the same class, the Poet's authority was Holinshed, whose *Chronicles*, first published in 1577, was then the favourite book in English history. And the plays, notwithstanding their wealth of ideal matter, are rightly called historical, because the history everywhere *guides*, and in a good measure *forms*, the plot, whereas *Macbeth*, for instance, though having much of historical matter, is rightly called a tragedy, as the history merely *suberves* the plot.

King Henry the Fourth, surnamed Bolingbroke from the place of his birth, came to the throne in 1399, having first deposed his cousin, Richard the Second, whose death he was generally thought to have procured shortly after. The chief agents in this usurpation were the Percys, known in history as Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur, three haughty and turbulent noblemen, who afterwards troubled Henry to keep the crown as much as they had helped him in getting it.

The lineal heir to the crown next after Richard was Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, a lad then about seven years old, whom the King held in a sort of honourable custody. Early in his reign, one of the King's leading partisans in Wales went to insulting and oppressing Owen Glendower, a chief of that country, who had been trained up in the English Court. Glendower petitioned for redress, and was insultingly denied; whereupon he took the work of redress into his own hands. Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the young Earl of March, and brother to Hotspur's wife, was sent against him; but his forces were utterly broken, and himself captured and held in close confinement



by Glendower, where the King suffered him to lie unransomed, alleging that he had treacherously allowed himself to be taken. Shakespeare, however, following Holinshed, makes the young Earl, who was then detained at Windsor to have been Glendower's prisoner.

After the captivity of Mortimer the King led three armies in succession against Glendower, and was as often baffled by the valour or the policy of the Welshman. At length the elements made war on the King; his forces were storm-stricken, blown to pieces by tempests; which bred a general belief that Glendower could "command the Devil," and "call spirits from the vasty deep." The King finally gave up and withdrew; but still consoled himself that he yielded not to the arms, but to the magic arts of his antagonist.

In the beginning of his reign the King led an army into Scotland, and summoned the Scottish King to appear before him and do homage for his crown; but, finding that the Scots would neither submit nor fight, and being pressed by famine, he gave over the undertaking and retired. Some while after, Earl Douglas, at the head of ten thousand men, burst into England, and advanced as far as Newcastle, spreading terror and havoc around him. On their return they were met by the Percys at Homildon where, after a fierce and bloody battle, the Scots were totally routed; Douglas himself being captured, as were also many other Scottish noblemen, and among them the Earl of Fife, a prince of the blood royal. The most distinguished of the English leaders in this affair was Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur; a man of the most restless, daring, fiery, and impetuous spirit, who first armed at the age of twelve years, after which time, it is said, *his spur was never cold*.

Of the other events suffice it to say that they are much

the same in history as in the drama ; while the Poet's selection and ordering of them yield no special cause for remark. One or two points, however, it may be well to notice as throwing some light on certain allusions in the play.

In the Spring of 1405, Prince Henry, then in his nineteenth year, was at the head of an army in Wales, where Glendower had hitherto carried all before him. By his activity, prudence, and perseverance, the young hero gradually broke the Welshman down, and at length reduced the whole country into subjection. He continued in this service most of the time for four years ; his valour and conduct awakening the most favourable expectations, which however were not a little dashed by his rampant hilarity during the intervals of labour in the field. His father was much grieved at these irregularities ; and his grief was heightened by some loose and unfilial words that were reported to him as having fallen from the Prince in hours of merriment. Hearing of this, the Prince went to expostulate with his father ; yet even then he enacted a strange freak of oddity, arraying himself in a gown of blue satin wrought full of eyelet-holes, and at each eyelet the needle still hanging by the silk ; probably meaning to intimate thereby, that if his behaviour, his moral garb, were full of rents, it was not too late to sew them up, and the means were at hand for doing so. Being admitted to an interview, he fell on his knees and, presenting a dagger, begged the King to take his life, since he had withdrawn his favour. His father, much moved, threw away the dagger, and, kissing him, owned with tears that he had indeed held him in suspicion, though, as he now saw, without just cause ; and promised that no misreports should thenceforth shake his confidence in him.

At another time, one of his unruly companions being con-



victed of felony, and sentenced to prison by the Chief Justice, the Prince undertook to rescue him, and even went so far as to assault the Judge ; who forthwith ordered him to prison also, and he had the good sense to submit. Upon being told this incident, the King exclaimed, "Happy the King that has a judge so firm in his duty, and a son so obedient to the law !"

Perhaps I should add, that the battle of Homildon was fought September 14, 1402 ; which marks the beginning of the play. The battle of Shrewsbury, which closes the First Part, took place July 21, 1403 ; Prince Henry being then only sixteen years old. The King died March 19, 1413 ; so that the two plays cover a period of about ten years and a half.

### **Character of the King.**

If these two plays are substantially one, it is the character of Prince Henry that makes them so ; that is, they have their unity in him ; and the common argument of them lies in the change alleged to have taken place in him on coming to the throne. Why was Henry of Monmouth so loose and wild a reveller in his youth, and yet such a proficient in noble and virtuous discipline in his manhood ? what causes, internal and external, determined him to the one ; what impulses from within, what influences from without, transformed him into the other ? Viewed in the light of this principle, the entire work, with its broad, rich variety of incident and character, and its alternations of wit and poetry, will be seen, I think, to proceed in a spirit of wise insight and design.

Accordingly, in the first scene of the play, this matter is put forth as uppermost in the King's thoughts. I refer to what passes between him and Westmoreland touching the

victory at Homildon ; where the Earl declares " it is a conquest for a prince to boast of," and the King replies,

Yea, there thou makest me sad, and makest me sin,  
 In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
 Should be the father to so blest a son ;  
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved  
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !  
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

One reason of Prince Henry's early irregularities seems to have grown from the character of his father. All accounts agree in representing Bolingbroke as a man of great reach and sagacity ; a politician of inscrutable craft, full of insinuation, brave in the field, skilful alike at penetrating others' designs and at concealing his own ; unscrupulous alike in smiling men into his service and in crunching them up after he had used them. All which is fully borne out in that, though his reign was little else than a series of rebellions and commotions proceeding in part from the injustice whereby he reached the crown and the bad title whereby he held it, yet he always got the better of them, and even turned them to his advantage. Where he could not win the heart, cutting off the head, and ever plucking fresh security out of the dangers that beset him ; his last years, however, were much embittered, and his death probably hastened, by the anxieties growing out of his position, and the remorse consequent upon his crimes.

But, while such is the character generally ascribed to him, no historian has come near Shakespeare in the painting of it. Much of his best transpiration is given in the preceding

play of *Richard the Second*, where he is the controlling spirit. For, though Richard is the more prominent character in that play, this is not as the mover of things, but as the receiver of movements caused by another; the effects lighting on him, while the worker of them is comparatively unseen. For one of Bolingbroke's main peculiarities is, that he looks solely to results; and, like a true artist, the better to secure these he keeps his designs and processes in the dark; his power thus operating so secretly, that in whatever he does the thing seems to have done itself to his hand. How intense his enthusiasm, yet how perfect his coolness and composure! Then too how pregnant and forcible, always, yet how calm and gentle, and at times how terrible, his speech! how easily and unconcernedly the words drop from him, yet how pat and home they are to the persons for whom and the occasions whereon they are spoken! To all which add a flaming thirst of power, a most aspiring and mounting ambition, with an equal mixture of humility, boldness, and craft, and the result explains much of the fortune that attends him through all the plays in which he figures. For the Poet keeps him the same man throughout.

So that, taking the whole delineation together, we have, at full length and done to the life, the portrait of a man in act prompt, bold, decisive, in thought sly, subtle, far-reaching; a character hard and cold indeed to the feelings, but written all over with success; which has no impulsive gushes or starts, but all is study, forecast, and calm suiting of means to pre-appointed ends. And this perfect self-command is in great part the secret of his strange power over others, making them almost as pliant to his purposes as are the cords and muscles of his own body; so that, as the event proves,

he grows great by their feeding, till he can compass food enough without their help, and, if they go to hindering him, can eat them up. For so it turned out with the Percys; strong sinews indeed with him for a head; while, against him, their very strength served but to work their own overthrow.

Some points of this description are well illustrated in what Hotspur says of him just before the battle of Shrewsbury, in the speech beginning,

The King is kind; and well we know the King  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

Hotspur, to be sure, exaggerates a good deal there, as he does everywhere, still his charges have a considerable basis of truth. As further matter to the point, observe the account which the King gives of himself when remonstrating with the Prince against his idle courses; which is not less admirable for truth of history than for skill of pencil. Equally fine, also, is the account of his predecessor immediately following that of himself; where we see that he has the same sharp insight of men as of means, and has made Richard's follies and vices his tutors; from his miscarriages learning how to supplant him, and perhaps encouraging his errors, that he might make a ladder of them, to mount up and overtop him. The whole scene indeed is pregnantly characteristic both of the King and the Prince. And how the King's penetrating and remorseless sagacity is flashed forth in Hotspur's outbursts of rage at his demanding all the prisoners taken at Homildon! wherein that roll of living fire is indeed snappish enough, but then he snaps out much truth.

But, though policy was the leading trait in this able man,

nevertheless it was not so prominent but that other and better traits were strongly visible. And even in his policy there was much of the breadth and largeness which distinguish the statesman from the politician. Besides, he was a man of prodigious spirit and courage, had a real eye to the interests of his country as well as of his family, and in his wars he was humane much beyond the custom of his time. And in the last scene of the Poet's delineation of him, where he says to the Prince,

Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe;

though we have indeed his subtle policy working out like a ruling passion strong in death, still its workings are suffused with gushes of right feeling, enough to show that he was not all politician; that beneath his close-knit prudence there was a soul of moral sense, a kernel of religion. Nor must I omit how the Poet, following the leadings both of nature and history, makes him to be plagued by foes springing up in his own bosom in proportion as he ceases to be worried by external enemies; the crown beginning to scald his brows as soon as he has crushed those who would pluck it from him.

### The Hotspur of the North.

How different is the atmosphere which waits upon the group of rebel war-chiefs, whereof Hotspur is the soul, and where chivalry reigns as supremely as wit and humour do in the haunts of Falstaff! It is difficult to speak of Hotspur satisfactorily; not indeed but that the lines of his character are bold and emphatic enough, but rather because they are so much so. For his frame is greatly disproportioned, which



causes him to seem larger than he is ; and one of his excesses manifests itself in a wiry, red-hot speech, which burns such an impression of him into the mind as to make any commentary seem prosaic and dull. There is no mistaking him : no character in Shakespeare stands more apart in plenitude of peculiarity ; and stupidity itself cannot so disfigure him with criticism, but that he will be recognized by any one who has ever been with him. He is as much a monarch in his sphere as the King and Falstaff are in theirs ; only they rule more by power, he by stress : there is something in them that takes away the will and spirit of resistance ; he makes every thing bend to his arrogant, domineering, capricious temper. Who that has been with him in the scenes at the Palace and at Bangor can ever forget his bounding, sarcastic, overbearing spirit ? How he hits all about him, and makes the feathers fly wherever he hits ! It seems as if his tongue could go through the world, and strew the road behind it with splinters. And how steeped his speech everywhere is in the poetry of the sword ! In what compact and sinewy platoons and squadrons the words march out of his mouth in bristling rank and file ! as if from his birth he had been cradled on the iron breast of war. How doubly-charged he is, in short, with the electricity of chivalry ! insomuch that you can touch him nowhere but he gives you a shock.

In those two scenes, what with Hotspur, and what with Glendower, the poetry is as unrivalled in its kind as the wit and humour in the best scenes at Eastcheap. What a dressing Hotspur gives the silken courtier who came to demand the prisoners ! Still better, however, is the dialogue that presently follows in the same scene ; where Hotspur seems to be under a spell, a fascination of rage and scorn : nothing can check him, he cannot check himself ; because, besides

the boundings of a most turbulent and impetuous nature, he has always had his own way, having from his boyhood held the post of a feudal war-chief. Irascible, headstrong, impatient, every effort to arrest or divert him only produces a new impatience. Whatever thought strikes him, it forthwith kindles into an overmastering passion that bears down all before it. We see that he has a rough and passionate soul, great strength and elevation of mind, with little gentleness and less delicacy, and a "force of will that rises into poetry by its own chafings." While "the passion of talk" is upon him, he fairly drifts and surges before it till exhausted, and then there supervenes an equal "passion of action." "Speaking thick" is noted as one of his peculiarities; and it is not clear whether the Poet took this from some tradition respecting him, or considered it a natural result of his prodigious rush and press of thought.

Another striking trait in Hotspur, resulting perhaps, in part, from his having so much passion in his head, is the singular absence of mind so well described by Prince Henry: "I am not of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O, my sweet Harry!* says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he; and answers, an hour after, *Some fourteen; a trifle, a trifle!*" So again in the scene of Hotspur and his wife at Warkworth. She winds up her strain of tender womanly remonstrance by saying,

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Before answering her, he calls in a servant, makes several

inquiries about his horse, and orders him to be brought into the park, hears her reproof, and exchanges divers questions with her ; then replies, " Love ! I love thee not ; I care not for thee, Kate " ; and presently heals up the wound :

Come, wilt thou see me ride ?  
And when I am o' horseback I will swear  
I love thee infinitely.

Here it is plain that his absence grows from a certain skittishness of mind : he has not the control of his thinking ; the issues of his brain being so conceived in fire as to preclude steadiness of attention and the pauses of thought.

The qualities I have noted in Hotspur unfit him, in a great measure, for a military leader in regular warfare, his nature being too impulsive and heady for the counterpoise of so weighty an undertaking. Too impatient and eager for the contest to concert operations ; abundantly able to fight battles, but not to scheme them ; he is qualified to succeed only in the hurly-burly of border warfare, where success comes more by fury of onset than by wisdom of plan. All which is finely apparent just before the battle of Shrewsbury, where, if not perversely wrong-headed, he is so headstrong, peremptory, and confident even to rashness, as to be quite impracticable. We see, and his fellow-chieftains see, that there is no coming to a temper with him ; he being sure to run a quarrel with any one who stands out against his proposals. Yet he is never more truly the noble Hotspur than on this occasion, when, amidst the falling-off of friends, the backwardness of allies, and the thickening of dangers, his ardent and brave spirit turns his very disadvantages into grounds of confidence.

His untamed boisterousness of tongue has one of its best



eruptions in the dispute with Glendower at Bangor, where his wit and his impudence come in for about equal shares of our admiration. He finally stops the mouth of his antagonist, or heads him off upon another subject, as he does again shortly after, in a dispute about the partitioning of the realm ; and he does it not so much by force of reason as of will and speech. His contempt of poetry is highly characteristic ; though it is observable that he has spoken more poetry than any one else in the play. But poetry is altogether an impulse with him, not a purpose, as it is with Glendower ; and he loses all thought of himself and his speech, in the intensity of passion with which he contemplates the object or occasion that moves him. His celebrated description of the fight between Glendower and Mortimer has been censured as offending good taste by its extravagance. It would not be in good taste indeed to put such a strain into the mouth of a contemplative sage, like Prospero ; but in Hotspur its very extravagance is in good taste, because hugely characteristic.

Hotspur is a general favourite : whether from something in himself or from the King's treatment of him, he has our good-will from the start ; nor is it without some reluctance that we set the Prince above him in our regard. Which may be owing in part to the interest we take, and justly, in his wife ; who, timid, solicitous, affectionate, and playful, is a woman of the true Shakespearian stamp. How delectable is the harmony felt between her prying, inquisitive gentleness and his rough, stormy courage ! for in her gentleness there is much strength, and his bravery is not without gentleness. The scene at Warkworth, where they first appear together, is a choice heart-refection : combining the beauty of movement and of repose, it comes into the surrounding elements like a patch of sunshine in a tempest.

## Glendower the Magician.

The best of historical matter for poetical and dramatic uses has seldom been turned to better account that way than in the portrait of Glendower. He is represented, with great art and equal truth, according to the superstitious belief of his time; a belief in which himself doubtless shared: for, if the winds and tempests came *when* he wished them, it was natural for him to think, as others thought, that they came *because* he wished them. The popular ideas respecting him all belonged to the region of poetry; and Shakespeare has given them with remarkable exactness, at the same time penetrating and filling them with his own spirit.

Crediting the alleged portents of his nativity, Glendower might well conclude he was "not in the roll of common men"; and so betake himself to the study and practice of those magic arts which were generally believed in then, and for which he was specially marked by his birth and all the courses of his life. And for the same cause he would naturally become somewhat egotistical, long-winded, and tedious; presuming that what was interesting to him as relating to himself would be equally so to others for its own sake. So that we need not altogether discredit Hotspur's account of the time spent by him "in reckoning up the several devils' names that were his lacqueys." For, though Hotspur exaggerates here, as usual, yet we see that he has some excuse for his sauciness to Glendower, in that he has been dreadfully bored by him. And there is something ludicrous withal in the Welshman's being so wrapped up in himself as not to perceive the unfitness of talking thus to one so hare-brained and skittish.

Glendower, however, is no ordinary enthusiast. A man

of wild and mysterious imaginations, yet he has a practical skill that makes them tell against the King ; his dealing in magic rendering him even more an object of fear than his valour and conduct. And his behaviour in the disputes with Hotspur approves him as much superior in the external qualities of a gentleman as he is more superstitious. Though no suspicion of any thing false or mean can attach to Hotspur, it is characteristic of him to indulge his haughty temper even to the thwarting of his purpose : he will hazard the blowing-up of the conspiracy rather than put a bridle on his impatience ; which the Welshman, with all his grandeur and earnestness of pretension, is too prudent to do.

In the portrait of Glendower there is nothing unwarranted by history ; only Shakespeare has with marked propriety made the enthusiastic and poetical spirit of the man send him to the study of magic arts, as involving some natural aptitude or affinity for them. It may be interesting to know that he managed to spin out the contest among the wilds of Snowdon far into the next reign ; his very superstition perhaps lending him a strength of soul which no misfortune could break. I must not leave this strange being without remarking how sweetly his mind nestles in the bosom of poetry ; as appears in the passage where he acts as interpreter between his daughter and her husband Mortimer.

### Minor Historical Characters.

Among the minor historical characters of these plays there is much judicious discrimination.—Lord Bardolph is shrewd and sensible, of a firm practical understanding, and prudent forecast ; and none the less brave, that his cool judgment puts him upon looking carefully before he leaps.—

Vernon, with his well-poised discretion in war-council and his ungrudging admiration of the Prince, makes a happy foil to Hotspur, whose intemperate daring in conduct, and whose uneasiness at hearing Prince Henry's praises spoken, would something detract from his manhood, but that no suspicion of dishonour can fasten upon him.—The Archbishop, so forthright and strong-thoughted, bold, enterprising, and resolute in action, in speech grave, moral, and sententious, forms, all together, a noble portrait.—The Chief Justice, besides the noble figure he makes at the close, is, with capital dramatic effect, brought forward several times in passages at arms with Falstaff; where his good-natured wisdom, as discovered in his suppressed enjoyment of the fat old sinner's wit, just serves to sweeten without at all diluting the reverence that waits upon his office and character.—Northumberland makes good his character as found in history. Evermore talking big and doing nothing; full of verbiage and practical impotence; and still ruining his friends, and at last himself, between "I would" and "I dare not"; he lives without our respect, and dies unpitied of us; while his daughter-in-law's remembrance of her noble husband kindles a sharp resentment of his mean-spirited backwardness, and a hearty scorn of his blustering verbiage.

### Delineation of the Prince.

Prince Henry was evidently a great favourite with the Poet. And he makes him equally so with his readers: pouring the full wealth of his genius upon him; centring in him almost every manly grace and virtue, and presenting him as the mirror of Christian princes and loadstar of honour; a model at once of a hero, a gentleman, and a sage. Wherein,

if not true to fact, he was true to the sentiment of the English people ; who probably cherished the memory of Henry the Fifth with more fondness than any other of their kings since the great Alfred.

In the character of this man Shakespeare deviated from all the historical authorities known to have been accessible to him. Later researches, however, have justified his course herein, and thus given rise to the notion of his having drawn from some traditionary matter that had not yet found a place in written history. An extraordinary conversion was generally thought to have fallen upon the Prince on coming to the crown ; insomuch that the old chroniclers could only account for the change by some miracle of grace or touch of supernatural benediction. Walsingham, a contemporary of the Prince, tells us that "as soon as he was invested with the ensigns of royalty he was suddenly changed into a new man, behaving with propriety, modesty, and gravity, and showing a desire to practise every kind of virtue." Caxton, also, says "he was a noble prince after he was king and crowned ; howbeit in his youth he had been wild, reckless, and spared nothing of his lusts nor desires." And various other old writers speak of him in the same strain.

Prince Henry's conduct was indeed such as to lose him his seat in the Council, where he was replaced by his younger brother. Nevertheless it is certain that in mental and literary accomplishment he was in advance of his age ; being in fact one of the most finished gentlemen as well as greatest statesmen and best men of his time. This seeming contradiction is all cleared up in the Poet's representation. It was for the old chroniclers to talk about his miraculous conversion : Shakespeare, in a far wiser spirit, and more religious too, brings his conduct within the ordinary rules of human char-



acter ; representing whatever changes occur in him as proceeding by the methods and proportions of nature. His early "addiction to courses vain" is accounted for by the character of Falstaff ; it being no impeachment of his intellectual or moral manhood, that he is drawn away by such a mighty magazine of fascinations. It is true, he is not altogether unhurt by his connection with Sir John : he is himself sensible of this ; and the knowledge goes far to justify his final treatment of Falstaff. But, even in his wildest merry-makings, we still taste in him a spice and flavour of manly rectitude ; undesigned by him indeed, and the more assuring to us, that he evidently does not taste it himself. Shakespeare has nothing finer in its way than the gradual sundering of the ties that bind him to Falstaff, as the higher elements of his nature are called forth by emergent occasions ; and his turning the dregs of unworthy companionship into food of noble thought and sentiment, extracting the sweetness of wisdom from the weeds of dangerous experiences. And his whole progress through this transformation, till "like a reappearing star" he emerges from the cloud of wildness wherein he had obscured his contemplation, is dappled with rare spots of beauty and promise.

At the battle of Shrewsbury, as already stated, the Prince was sixteen years old. But, young as he was, he did the work of a man, never ceasing to fight where the battle was hottest ; though so badly hurt in the face, that much effort was used to withdraw him from the field. So that in fact he was some twenty years younger than Hotspur. Such a difference of age would naturally foreclose any rivalry between them ; and one of the Poet's most judicious departures from literal truth is in approximating their ages, that such influences might have a chance to work. The King, too, displays his

usual astuteness in endeavouring to make the fame of Hotspur tell upon the Prince ; though he still strikes wide of his real character, misderiving his conduct from a want of noble aptitudes, whereas it springs rather from a lack of such motives and occasions with which his better aptitudes can combine. But the King knows right well there is matter in him that will take fire when such sparks are struck into it. Accordingly, before they part, the Prince speaks such words, and in such a spirit, as to win his father's confidence ; the emulation kindled in him being no less noble than the object of it. Now it is that his many-sided, harmonious manhood begins fully to unfold itself. He has already discovered forces answering to all the attractions of Falstaff ; and it is to be hoped that none will think the worse of him for preferring the climate of Eastcheap to that of the Court. But the issue proves that he has far better forces, which sleep indeed during the absence, but spring forth at the coming, of their proper stimulants and opportunities. In the close-thronging dangers that beset his father's throne he has noble work to do ; in the thick-clustering honours of Hotspur, noble motives for doing it ; and the two together furnish those more congenial attractions whereby he is gradually detached from a life of hunt-sport, and drawn up into the nobly-proportioned beauty with which both poetry and history have invested him.

In this delineation are many passages over which the lover of poetry and manhood delights to linger ; but it would be something out of keeping with my method to quote any of them. Nor can I dwell on the many gentle and heroic qualities that make up Prince Henry's well-rounded beautiful character. His tenderness of filial piety appears in his heart-bleeding grief at his father's sickness ; and his virtuous prudence no less appears in his avoiding

all show of grief, as knowing that this, taken together with his past levity, will be sure to draw on him the imputation of hypocrisy : his magnanimity appears in his pleading for the life of Douglas ; his ingenuousness, in the free and graceful apology to the King for his faults ; his good-nature and kindness of heart, in the apostrophe to Falstaff when he thinks him dead ; his chivalrous generosity, in the enthusiasm with which he praises Hotspur ; and his modesty, in the style of his challenge to him. And yet his nobilities of heart and soul come along in such easy, natural touches, they drop out so much as the spontaneous issues of his life, that we hardly notice them, thus engaging him our love and honour, we scarce know how or why. Great without effort, and good without thinking of it, he is indeed a noble ornament of the princely character.

#### Dramatic Use of Falstaff.

I have already observed how Prince Henry's deportment as King was in marked contrast with his course while Prince of Wales. I have also noted that the change in him on coming to the throne was so great and so sudden as to be popularly ascribed to a miracle of grace. Now Shakespeare knew that the day of miracles was passed. He also knew that without a miracle such a sudden revolution of *character* could not be. And so his idea clearly was, that the change was not really *in* his character, but only superinduced *upon* it by change of position ; that his excellent qualities were but disguised from the world by clouds of loose behaviour, which, when the time came, he threw off, and appeared as he really was. To translate the reason and process of this change into dramatic form and expression was the problem which the Poet undertook to solve in these two plays.



In his delineation of the Prince Shakespeare followed the historians as far as they gave him any solid ground to go upon; where they failed him, he supplied the matter from his own stores. Now in all reason Prince Hal must have had companions in the merry-makings which are related of him; for no man of sense goes into such pastimes alone. But of the particular persons "unletter'd, rude, and shallow," with whom he had "his hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports," nothing was known, not even their names. So that the Poet had no way to set forth this part of the man's life but by creating one or more *representative characters*, concentrating in them such a fund of mental attractions as might overcome the natural repugnance of an upright and noble mind to their vices. Which is just what the Poet does in this instance. And his method was, to embody in imaginary forms that truth of which the actual forms had not been preserved; for, as Hallam well observes, "what he invented is as truly historical, in the large sense of moral history, as what he read."

From the account already given of Bolingbroke it is plain enough what state of things would be likely to wait on him. His great force of character would needs give shape and tone to Court and Council-board, while his subtlety and intricacy might well render the place any thing but inviting to a young man of free and generous aptitudes. That the Prince, as Shakespeare conceived him, should breathe somewhat hard in such an atmosphere, is not difficult to understand. However he may respect such a father, and though in thought he may even approve the public counsels, still he relucts to share in them, as going against his grain; and so is naturally drawn away either to such occupations where his high-strung energies can act without crossing his honourable

feelings, or else to some tumultuous merry-makings with laying off all distinct purpose, and untying his mind into perfect dishabille, he can let his bounding spirits run out in transports of frolic and fun. The question then is, to what sort of attractions will he betake himself? It must be no ordinary companionship that yields entertainment to such a spirit even in his loosest moments. Whatever bad or questionable elements may mingle in his mirth, it must have some fresh and rich ingredients, some sparkling and generous flavour, to make him relish it. Any thing like vulgar rowdiness cannot fail of disgusting him. His ears were never organized to that sort of music.

Here then we have a sort of dramatic necessity for the character of Falstaff. To answer the purpose, it was imperative that he should be just such a marvellous congregation of charms and vices as he is. None but an old man could be at once so dissolute and so discerning, or appear to think so much like a wise man even when talking most unwisely; and he must have a world of wit and sense, to reconcile a mind of such native rectitude and penetration to his profligate courses. In the qualities of Sir John we can easily see how the Prince might be the madcap reveller that history gives him out, and yet be all the while laying in choice preparations of wisdom and virtue, so as to need no other conversion than the calls of duty and the opportunities of noble enterprise.

### Character of Falstaff.

Falstaff's character is more complex than can well be digested into the forms of logical statement; which makes him a rather impracticable subject for analysis. He has so much, or *is* so much, that one cannot easily tell what he is.

Diverse and even opposite qualities meet in him ; yet they poise so evenly, blend so happily, and work together so smoothly, that no generalities can set him off ; if we undertake to grasp him in a formal conclusion, the best part of him still escapes between the fingers ; so that the only way to give an idea of him is to take the man himself along and show him ; and who shall do this with "plump Jack" ? One of the wittiest of men, yet he is not a wit ; one of the most sensual of men, still he cannot with strict justice be called a sensualist ; he has a strong sense of danger and a lively regard to his own safety, a peculiar vein indeed of cowardice, or something very like it, yet he is not a coward ; he lies and brags prodigiously, still he is not a liar nor a braggart. Any such general descriptions applied to him can serve no end but to make us think we understand him when we do not.

If I were to fix upon any one thing as specially characteristic of Falstaff, I should say it is an amazing fund of good sense. His stock of this, to be sure, is pretty much all enlisted in the service of sensuality, yet nowise so but that the servant still overpeers and outshines the master. Then too his thinking has such agility, and is at the same time so pertinent, as to do the work of the most prompt and popping wit ; yet in such sort as to give the impression of something much larger and stronger than wit. For mere wit, be it ever so good, requires to be sparingly used, and the more it tickles the sooner it tires ; like salt, it is grateful as a seasoning, but will not do as food. Hence it is that great wits, unless they have great judgment too, are so apt to be great bores. But no one ever wearies of Falstaff's talk, who has the proper sense for it ; his speech being like pure fresh cold water, which always tastes good because it is

tasteless. The wit of other men seems to be some special faculty or mode of thought, and lies in a quick seizing of remote and fanciful affinities; in Falstaff it lies not in any one thing more than another, for which cause it cannot be defined: and I know not how to describe it but as that roundness and evenness of mind which we call good sense, so quickened and pointed indeed as to produce the effect of wit, yet without hindrance to its own proper effect. To use a snug idiomatic phrase, what Falstaff says always *fits all round*.

And Falstaff is well aware of his power in this respect. He is vastly proud of it too; yet his pride never shows itself in an offensive shape, his good sense having a certain instinctive delicacy that keeps him from every thing like that. In this proud consciousness of his resources he is always at ease; hence in part the ineffable charm of his conversation.† Never at a loss, and never apprehensive that he shall be at a loss, he therefore never exerts himself, nor takes any concern for the result; so that nothing is strained or far-fetched: relying calmly on his strength, he invites the toughest trials, as knowing that his powers will bring him off without any using of the whip or the spur, and by merely giving the rein to their natural briskness and celerity. Hence it is also that he so often lets go all regard to prudence of speech, and thrusts himself into tight places and predicaments: he thus makes or seeks occasions to exercise his fertility and alertness of thought, being well assured that he shall still come off uncornered, and that the greater his seeming perplexity, the greater will be his triumph. Which explains the purpose of his incomprehensible lies: he tells them, surely, not expecting them to be believed, but partly for the pleasure he takes in

the excited play of his faculties, partly for the surprise he causes by his still more incomprehensible feats of dodging. Such is his story about the men in buckram who grew so soon from two to eleven; and how “three misbegotten knaves in Kendall green came at my back, and let drive at me;— for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand”;— lies which, as himself knows well enough, are “gross as a mountain, open, palpable.” These, I take it, are studied self-exposures, to invite an attack. Else why should he thus affirm in the same breath the colour of the men’s clothes and the darkness of the night? The whole thing is clearly a scheme, to provoke his hearers to come down upon him, and then witch them with his facility and felicity in extricating himself. And so, when they pounce upon him, and seem to have him in their toils, he forthwith springs a diversion upon them :

*Prince.* What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Fals.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as He that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou know’st I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter: I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.

To understand this aright, we must bear in mind, that according to the general rule of succession Prince Henry was not the true prince. Legally considered, his father was an usurper; and he could have no right to the crown but in virtue of some higher law. This higher law is authenticated by Falstaff’s instinct. The lion, king of beasts, knows royalty by royal intuition.

Such is the catastrophe for which the foregoing acts, the hacking of his sword, the insinuations of cowardice, the



boastings, and the palpable lies, were the prologue and preparation. So that his course here is all of a piece with his usual practice of involving himself in difficulties, the better to set off his readiness at shifts and evasions; knowing that, the more he gets entangled in his talk, the richer will be the effect when by a word he slips off the entanglement. I am persuaded that Sir John suspected all the while who their antagonists were in the Gads-hill robbery; but determined to fall in with and humour the joke, on purpose to make sport for the Prince and himself, and at the same time to retort their deception by pretending ignorance.

We have similar feats of dodging in the scene where Falstaff rails at the Hostess for keeping a house where pockets are picked, and also at the Prince for saying that his ring was copper. The Prince entering just then, the Hostess tells him of the affair, Falstaff goes to railing at her again, and she defends herself; which brings on the following:

*Prince.* Thou sayest true, Hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said, this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fals.* A thousand pound, Hal! a million! Thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fals.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fals.* Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fals.* Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but, as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*Prince.* And why not as the lion?

*Fals.* The King himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father?

*Prince.* Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this

bosom of thine. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed!

*Fals.* Dost thou hear Hal? Thou know'st, in the state of innocency Adam fell: and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.

In all these replies there is clearly nothing more to be said. And thus, throughout, no exigency turns up but that Sir John is ready with a word that exactly fits into and fills the place. And his tactics lie not in turning upon his pursuers and holding them at bay; but, when the time is ripe, and they seem to have caught him, he instantaneously diverts them upon another scent, or else enchants them into a pause by his nimble-footed sallies and escapes.

Elsewhere the same faculty shows itself in a quick turning of events to his own advantage; as at the battle of Shrewsbury, when, being assailed by Douglas, he falls down as if killed, and in that condition witnesses the fall of Hotspur; and then claps up a scheme for appropriating the honour of his death. The stratagem must be given in his own words:

'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. — Zwounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He then shoulders the body and walks off. Presently he meets the Prince and his brother John, throws down the body, and we have the following :

*Fals.* There is Percy! if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why, Percy I killed, myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fals.* Didst thou! — Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! — I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Here his action as exactly fits into and fills the place as his words do in other cases. He carries the point, not by disputing the Prince's claim, but by making it appear that they both beat down the valiant Hotspur in succession. If the Prince left Hotspur dead, he saw Falstaff dead too. And Falstaff most adroitly clinches his scheme by giving this mistake such a turn as to accredit his own lies.

It has been said that Shakespeare displays no great force of invention; and that in the incidents of his dramas he borrows much more than he originates. It is true, he discovers no pride nor prodigality of inventiveness; he shows indeed a noble indifference on that score; cares not to get up new plots and incidents of his own where he finds them ready-made to his hand. Which is to me, as I have elsewhere remarked, good evidence that he prized novelty in such things at its true worth, and chose to spend his force on the weightier matters of his art. But he is inventive enough whenever he has occasion to be so; and in these incidents about Falstaff, as in hundreds of others, he shows



a fertility and aptness of invention in due measure and keeping with his other gifts.

Falstaff finds special matter of self-exultation in that the tranquil, easy contact and grapple of his mind acts as a potent stimulus on others, provided they be capable of it, lifting them up to his own height. "Men of all sorts," says he, "take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me; I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." Here it is plain that he is himself proud of the pride that others take in girding at him; he enjoys their wit even more than they do, because he is the begetter of it. He is the flint, to draw sparks from their steel, and himself shines by the light he causes them to emit. For, in truth, to laugh and to provoke laughter is with him the chief end of man. Which is further shown in what he says of Prince John: "Good faith, this same young, sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh." He sees that the brain of this dry youth has nothing for him to get hold of or work upon; that, be he ever so witty in himself, he cannot be the cause of any wit in him; and he is vexed and chagrined that his wit fails upon him. And Johnson, speaking of Prince John's frosty-hearted virtue, well remarks that "he who cannot be softened into gayety cannot easily be melted into kindness." And, let me add, none are so hopeless as they that have no bowels. Austere boys are not apt to make large-souled men. And it was this same strait-laced youth who, in the history as in the play, afterwards broke faith with the Archbishop and other insurgent leaders near York, snapping them up with a mean and cruel act of perfidy, and, which is more, *thought the better of him.*

*self for having done so.* I suspect Prince Henry is nearer Heaven in his mirth than Prince John in his prayers !

This power of generating wit and thought in others is what, in default of entertainment for his nobler qualities, attracts the Prince ; who evidently takes to Sir John chiefly for the mental excitement of his conversation. And, on the other hand, Falstaff's pride of wit is specially gratified in the fascination he has over the Prince ; and he spares no pains, scruples no knavery, to work diversion for him. Witness what he says to himself when tempering Justice Shallow "between his finger and his thumb" : "I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up."

Nor has Falstaff any difficulty in stirring up congenial motions in the Prince, insomuch that the teacher sometimes has enough to do to keep his leading. Falstaff is the same in this respect when the Prince is away ; indeed his wit is never more fluent and racy than in his soliloquies. But it is not so with the Prince ; as appears in his occasional playing with other characters, where he is indeed sprightly and sensible enough, but wants the nimbleness and raciness of wit which he displays in conversation with Sir John. The cause of which plainly is, that Falstaff has his wit in himself ; the Prince, in virtue of Falstaff's presence. With Sir John the Prince is nearly as great as he in the same kind ; without him, he has none of his greatness ; though he has a greatness of his own which is far better, and which Falstaff is so far from having in himself, that he cannot even

perceive it in another. Accordingly it is remarkable that Prince Henry is the only person in the play who understands Falstaff, and the only one too whom Falstaff does not understand.

One of Sir John's greatest triumphs is in his first scene with the Chief Justice ; the purpose of that scene being, apparently, to justify the Prince in yielding to his fascinations, by showing that there is no gravity so firm but he can thaw it into mirth, provided it be the gravity of a fertile and genial mind. And so, here, the sternness with which this wise and upright man begins is charmed into playfulness before he gets through. He slides insensibly into the style of Sir John, till at last he falls to downright punning. He even seems to draw out the interview, that he may taste the delectable spicery of Falstaff's talk ; and we fancy him laughing repeatedly in his sleeve while they are talking, and then roaring himself into stitches directly he gets out of sight. Nor, unless our inward parts be sadly out of gear, can we help loving and honouring him the more for being drawn into such an intellectual frolic by such an intellectual player.

### Falstaff's Humour.

Coleridge denies that Falstaff has, properly speaking, any humour. Coleridge is high authority indeed ; nevertheless I cannot so come at Sir John but that his whole mental structure seems pervaded with a most grateful and refreshing moisture ; nor can I well understand any definition of humour that would exclude him from being among the greatest of all both verbal and practical humourists. Just think of his proposing Bardolph,—an offscouring and package of dregs which he has picked up, nobody can guess

wherefore, unless because his face has turned into a perpetual blush and carbuncle ;—just think of his proposing such a person for security, and that too to one who knows them both ! To my sense, his humour is shown alike in the offer of such an endorser and in what he says about the refusal of it. And in his most exigent moments this juice keeps playing in with rarely-exhilarating effect, as in the exploit at Gadshill and the battle of Shrewsbury. And everywhere he manifestly takes a huge pleasure in referring to his own peculiarities, and putting upon them the most grotesque and droll and whimsical constructions, no one enjoying the jests that are vented on him more than he does himself.

Falstaff's overflowing humour results in a placid good-nature towards those about him, and attaches them by the mere remembrance of pleasure in his company. The tone of feeling he inspires is well shown in what the Hostess says when he leaves her for the wars : " Well, fare thee well : I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time ; but an honester and truer-hearted man — well, fare thee well." She wants to say some good of him which she cannot quite say, it is so glaringly untrue ; the only instance, by the way, of her being checked by any scruples on that score. This feeling of the Hostess is especially significant in view of what has passed between them. She cannot keep angry at him, because in his roughest speeches there is something tells her it is all a mere carousal of his wits. Even when she is most at odds with him, a soothing word at once sweetens her thoughts ; so that, instead of pushing him for the money he has borrowed, she pawns her plate, to lend him ten pounds more.

And so in regard to his other associates : he often abuses

them outrageously, so far as this can be done by words, yet they are not really hurt by it, and never think of resenting it. Perhaps, indeed, they do not respect him enough to feel resentment towards him. But, in truth, the juiciness<sup>Relieve</sup> of his spirit not only keeps malice out of him, but keeps others from imputing it to him. Then too he lets off as great tempests of abuse upon himself, and means just as much by them : they are but exercises of his powers, and this, merely for the exercise itself ; that is, they are play ; having indeed a kind of earnestness, but it is the earnestness of sport. Hence, whether alone or in company, he not only has all his faculties about him, but takes the same pleasure in exerting them, if it may be called exertion ; for they always seem to go of their own accord. It is remarkable that he soliloquizes more than any of the Poet's characters except Hamlet ; thought being equally an everspringing impulse in them both, though, to be sure, in very different forms.

### His Practical Sagacity.

Nor is Falstaff's mind tied to exercises of wit and humour. He is indeed the greatest of make-sports, but he is something more. (He must be something more, else he could not be that.) He has as much practical sagacity and penetration as the King. Except the Prince, there is no person in the play who sees so far into the characters of those about him. Witness his remarks about Justice Shallow and his men : "It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his : they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices ; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master ; if to his men, I would



curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants." Which is indeed a most shrewd and searching commentary on what Sir John has just seen and heard. It is impossible to hit them off more felicitously.

I must add, that with Shallow and Silence for his theme Falstaff's wit fairly grows gigantic, and this too without any abatement of its frolicsome agility. The strain of humorous exaggeration with which he pursues the theme in soliloquy is indeed almost sublime. Yet in some of his reflections thereon, as in the passage just quoted, we have a clear though brief view of the profound philosopher underlying the profligate humourist and make-sport; for he there discovers a breadth and sharpness of observation, and a depth of practical sagacity, such as might have placed him in the front rank of statesmen and sages.

### Is Falstaff a Coward?

I have said that Falstaff, though having a peculiar vein of something very like cowardice, is not a coward. This sounds paradoxical, but I think it just. On this point Mackenzie speaks with rare exactness. "Though," says he, "I will not go so far as to ascribe valour to Falstaff, yet his cowardice, if fairly examined, will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle: he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear." In approval of this, it is to be observed that amid the perilous exigencies of the fight his matchless brain is never a whit palsied with fear; and no sooner has he fallen down to save his life by a counterfeit death, than all his wits are at work to convert his fall into a purchase of honour. Certainly his cowardice, if the word must still be applied to him, is not such as either to keep him out of danger or to lose him the use of his powers

in it. Whether surrounded with pleasures or perils, his sagacity never in the least forsakes him; and his unabated purlings of humour when death is busy all about him, and even when others are taunting him with cowardice, seem hardly reconcilable with the character generally set upon him in this respect.

As there is no touch of poetry in Falstaff, he sees nothing in the matter of honour but the sign; and he has more good sense than to set such a value on this as to hazard that for which alone he holds it desirable. To have his name seasoned sweet in the world's regard he does not look upon as signifying any real worth in himself, and so furnishing just ground of self-respect; but only as it may yield him the pleasures and commodities of life: whereas the very soul of honour is, that it will sooner part with life than forfeit this ground of self-respect. For honour, true honour, is indeed a kind of social conscience.

### Relation of Falstaff and the Prince.

Falstaff is altogether the greatest triumph of the comic Muse that the world has to show. In this judgment I believe that all who have fairly conversed with the irresistible old sinner are agreed. In the varied and delectable wealth of his conversation, it is not easy to select such parts as are most characteristic of the man; and I have rather aimed to quote what would best illustrate my points than what is best in itself. Of a higher order and a finer texture than any thing I have produced is the scene where Falstaff personates the King, to examine the Prince upon the particulars of his life. It is too long for quotation here; and I can but refer to it as probably the choicest issue of comic preparation that genius has ever bequeathed to human enjoyment.

Upon the whole, then, I think Falstaff may be justly described as having all the intellectual qualities that enter into the composition of practical wisdom, without one of the moral. If to his powers of understanding were joined an imagination equal, it is hardly too much to say he would be as great a poet as Shakespeare. And in all this we have, it seems to me, just the right constituents of perfect fitness for the dramatic purpose and exigency which his character was meant to answer. In his solid and clear understanding, his discernment and large experience, his fulness and quickness of wit and resource, and his infinite humour, what were else dark in the life of Prince Henry is made plain ; and we can hardly fail to see how he is drawn to what is in itself bad indeed, yet drawn in virtue of something within him that still prefers him in our esteem. With less of wit, sense, and spirit, Sir John could have got no hold on the Prince ; and if to these attractive qualities he had not joined others of a very odious and repulsive kind, he would have held him too fast.

### Falstaff's Immoralities.

I suppose it is no paradox to say that, hugely as we delight to be with Falstaff, he is notwithstanding just about the last man that any one would wish to resemble ; which fact, as I take it, is enough of itself to keep the pleasure of his part free from any moral infection or taint. And our repugnance to being like him is not so much because he offends the moral feelings as because he hardly touches them at all, one way or the other. The character seems to lie mainly out of their sphere ; and they agree to be silent towards him, as having practically disrobed himself of moral attributes. Now, however bad we may be, these are proba-

bly the last elements of our being that we would consent to part with. Nor, perhaps, is there any thing that our nature so vitally shrinks away from, as to have men's moral feelings sleep concerning us. To be treated as beneath blame, is the greatest indignity that can be offered us. Who would not rather be hated by men than be such as they should not respect enough to hate?

This aloofness of the moral feelings seems owing in great part to the fact of the character impressing us, throughout, as that of a player; though such a player, whose good sense keeps every thing stagey and theatrical out of his playing. He lives but to furnish, for himself and others, intellectual wine, and his art lies in turning every thing about him into this. His immoralities are mostly such wherein the ludicrous element is prominent; and in the entertainment of this their other qualities are lost sight of. The animal susceptibilities of our nature are in him carried up to their highest pitch; his several appetites hug their respective objects with exquisite gust; his vast plumpness is all mellow with physical delight and satisfaction; and he converts it all into thought and mirth. Moreover his speech borrows additional flavour and effect from the thick foldings of flesh which it oozes through; therefore he glories in his much flesh, and cherishes it as being the procreant cradle of jests: if his body is fat, it enables his tongue to drop fatness; and in the chambers of his brain all the pleasurable agitations that pervade the structure below are curiously wrought into mental delectation. With how keen and inexhaustible a relish does he pour down sack, as if he tasted it all over and through his body, to the ends of his fingers and toes! yet who does not see that he has more pleasure in discoursing about it than in drinking it? And so it is through all the

particulars of his enormous sensuality. And he makes the same use of his vices and infirmities ; nay, he often caricatures those he has, and sometimes affects those he has not, that he may get the same profit out of them.

Thus Falstaff strikes us, throughout, as acting a part ; inso-much that our conscience of right and wrong has little more to do with the man himself than with a good representation of him on the stage. And his art, if not original and innate, has become second nature : if the actor was not born with him, it has grown to him, and become a part of him, so that he cannot lay it off ; and if he has nobody else to entertain, he must still keep playing for the entertainment of himself. But because we do not think of applying moral tests to him, therefore, however we may surrender to his fascinations, we never feel any respect for him. And it is very considerable that he has no self-respect. The reason of which is close at hand : for respect is a sentiment of which mere players, as such, are not legitimate objects. Not but that actors may be very worthy, upright men : there have been many capital gentlemen among them : as such, they are indeed abundantly respectable : but in the useful callings men are respected for their calling's sake, even though their characters be not deserving of respect ; which seems not to be the case with men of the stage. And as Falstaff is no less a player to himself than to others, he therefore respects himself as little as others respect him.

It must not be supposed, however, that because he touches the moral feelings so little one way or the other, therefore his company and conversation were altogether harmless to those who actually shared them. It is not, cannot be so ; nor has the Poet so represented it. " Evil communications corrupt good manners," whether known and felt to be evil or not.



And so the ripe understanding of Falstaff himself teaches us : “ It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another ; therefore let men take heed of their company.” In the intercourse of men there are always certain secret, mysterious influences at work : the conversation of others affects us without our knowing it, and by methods past our finding out ; and it is always a sacrament of harm to be in the society of those whom we do not respect.

In all that happens to Falstaff, the being cast off at last by the Prince is the only thing that really hurts his feelings. And as this is the only thing that hurts him, so it is the only one that does him any good : for he is strangely inaccessible to inward suffering ; and yet nothing but this can make him better. His character keeps on developing, and growing rather worse, to the end of the play ; and there are some positive indications of a hard bad heart in him. His abuse of Shallow’s hospitality is exceedingly detestable, and argues that hardening of all within which tells far more against a man than almost any amount of mere sensuality. For it is a great mistake to suppose that our sensual vices, though they may and often do work the most harm to ourselves, are morally the worst. The malignant vices, those that cause us to take pleasure in the pain or damage of others, — it is in these that Hell is most especially concentrated. Satan is neither a glutton nor a wine-bibber ; he himself stoops not to the lusts of the flesh, though he delights to see his poor dupes eaten up by them : but to gloat over or to feast on the agonies that one inflicts, this is truly Satanic. In the matter about Justice Shallow we are let into those worse traits of Falstaff, such as his unscrupulous and unrelenting selfishness, which had else escaped our dull perceptions, but which, through all

the disguises of art, have betrayed themselves to the apprehensive discernment of Prince Henry. Thus we here come upon the delicate thread which connects that sapient Justice with what I have stated to be the main purpose of the drama. The bad usage which Falstaff puts upon Shallow has the effect of justifying to us the usage which he at last receives from the Prince. And something of the kind was needful in order to bring the Prince's character off from such an act altogether bright and sweet in our regard. For, after sharing so long in the man's prodigality of mental exhilaration, to shut down upon him so, was pretty hard.

I must not leave Sir John without remarking how he is a sort of public brain from which shoot forth nerves of communication through all the limbs and members of the commonwealth. The most broadly-representative, perhaps, of all ideal characters, his conversations are as diversified as his capabilities; so that through him the vision is let forth into a long-drawn yet clear perspective of old English life and manners. What a circle of vices and obscurities and nobilities are sucked into his train! how various in size and quality the orbs that revolve around him and shine by his light! from the immediate heir of England and the righteous Lord Chief Justice to poor Robin Ostler who died of one idea, having "never joy'd since the price of oats rose." He is indeed a multitudinous man; and can spin fun enough out of his marvellous brain to make all the world "laugh and grow fat."

### Mrs. Quickly the Hostess.

We have had several glimpses of Mrs. Quickly, the Hostess of Eastcheap. She is well worth a steady looking at. One of the most characteristic passages in the play is her

account of Falstaff's engagement to her ; which has been aptly commented on by Coleridge as showing how her mind runs altogether in the rut of actual events. She can think of things only in the precise order of their occurrence, having no power to select such as touch her purpose, and to detach them from the circumstantial irrelevancies with which they are consorted in her memory.

In keeping with this mental peculiarity, her character savours strongly of her whereabouts in life ; she is plentifully trimmed with vices and vulgarities, and these all taste rankly of her place and calling, thus showing that she has as much of moral as of mental passiveness. Notwithstanding, she always has an odour of womanhood about her, even her worst features being such as none but a woman could have. Nor is her character, with all its ludicrous and censurable qualities, unrelieved, as we have seen, by traits of generosity that relish equally of her sex. It is even doubtful whether she would have entertained Sir John's proposals of marriage so favourably, but that at the time of making them he was in a condition to need her kindness. Her woman's heart could not stint itself from the plump old sinner when he had wounds to be dressed and pains to be soothed. And who but a woman could speak such words of fluttering eagerness as she speaks in urging on his arrest : "Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare ; do me, do me, do me your offices" ; where her heart seems palpitating with an anxious hope that her present action may make another occasion for her kind ministrations ? Sometimes, indeed, she gets wrought up to a pretty high pitch of temper, but she cannot hold herself there ; and between her turns of anger and her returns to sweetness there is room for more of womanly feeling than I shall venture to describe. And there

is still more of the woman in the cunning simplicity—or is it simpleness?—with which she manages to keep her good opinion of Sir John; as when, on being told that at his death “he cried out of women, and said they were devils incarnate,” she replies, “’A never could abide carnation; ’twas a colour he never liked”; as if she could find no sense in his words but what would stand smooth with her interest and her affection.

It is curious to observe how Mrs. Quickly dwells on the confines of virtue and shame, and sometimes plays over the borders, ever clinging to the reputation, and perhaps to the consciousness, of the one, without foreclosing the invitations of the other. For it is very evident that even in her worst doings she hides from herself their ill-favour under a fair name; as people often paint the cheeks of their vices, and then look them sweetly in the face, though they cannot but know the paint is all that keeps them from being unsightly and loathsome. In her case, however, this may spring, in part, from a simplicity not unlike that which sometimes causes little children to shut their eyes at what affrights them, and then think themselves safe. And yet she shows considerable knowledge of the world; is not without shrewdness in her way; but, in truth, the world her soul lives in, and grows intelligent of, is itself a discipline of moral obtuseness; and this is one reason why she loves it. On the whole, therefore, Mrs. Quickly must be set down as a naughty woman; the Poet clearly meant her so; and, in mixing so much of good with the general preponderance of bad in her composition, he has shown a rare spirit of wisdom, such as may well remind us that “both good men and bad men are apt to be less so than they seem.”

### Shallow and Silence.

Such is one formation of life to which the Poet conducts us by a pathway leading from Sir John. But we have an avenue opening out from him into a much richer formation. Aside from the humour of the characters themselves, there is great humour of art in the bringing-together of Falstaff and Shallow. Whose risibilities are not quietly shaken up to the centre, as he studies the contrast between them, and the sources of their interest in each other? Shallow is vastly proud of his acquaintance with Sir John, and runs over with consequentiality as he reflects upon it. Sir John understands this perfectly, and is drawn to him quite as much for the pleasure of making a butt of him as in the hope of currying a road to his purse.

One of the most potent spots in Justice Shallow is the exulting self-complacency with which he remembers his youthful essays in profligacy; wherein, though without suspecting it, he was the sport and byword of his companions; he having shown in them the same boobyish alacrity as he now shows in prating about them. His reminiscences in this line are superlatively diverting, partly, perhaps, as reminding us of a perpetual sort of people, not unfrequently met with in the intercourse of life.

Another choice spot in Shallow is a huge love or habit of talking on when he has nothing to say; as though his tongue were hugging and kissing his words. Thus, when Sir John asks to be excused from staying with him over night: "I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused." And he lingers upon his words and keeps rolling them over in his mouth with a still



keener relish in the garden after supper. This fond caressing of his phrases springs not merely from sterility of thought, but partly also from that vivid self-appreciation which causes him to dwell with such rapture on the spirited sallies of his youth.

One more point about fetches the compass of his genius, he being considerable mainly for his loquacious thinness. It is well instanced in his appreciation of Sir John's witticism on Mouldy, one of the recruits he is taking up :

*Fals.* Is thy name Mouldy ?

*Moul.* Yea, an't please you.

*Fals.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things that are mouldy lack use : very singular good ! In faith, well said, Sir John ; very well said.

The mixture of conceit and sycophancy here is charming. Of course it is not so much the wit as his own perception of the wit, that the critic admires.

One would suppose the force of feebleness had done its best in Shallow, yet it is made to do several degrees better in his cousin, Justice Silence. The tautology of the one has its counterpart in the taciturnity of the other. And Shallow's habit in this may have grown, in part, from talking to his cousin, and getting no replies ; for Silence has scarce life enough to answer, unless it be to echo the question. The only faculty he seems to have is memory, and he has not force enough of his own to set even this in motion ; nothing but excess of wine can make it stir. So that his taciturnity is but the proper outside of his essential vacuity, and springs from sheer dearth of soul. He is indeed a stupendous platitude of a man ! The character is poetical by a sort of inversion ; as extreme ugliness sometimes has the effect of beauty, and fascinates the eye.

Shakespeare evinces a peculiar delight sometimes in weaving poetical conceptions round the leanest subjects; and we have no finer instance of this than where Silence, his native sterility of brain being overcome by the working of sack on his memory, keeps pouring forth snatches from old ballads. How delicately comical the volubility with which he trundles off the fag-ends of popular ditties, when in "the sweet of the night" his heart has grown rich with the exhilaration of wine! Who can ever forget the exquisite humour of the contrast between Silence dry and Silence drunk?

In this vocal flow of Silence we catch the right spirit and style of old English mirth. For he must have passed his life in an atmosphere of song, since it was only by dint of long custom and endless repetition that so passive a memory as his could have got stored with such matter. And the snatches he sings are fragments of old minstrelsy "that had long been heard in the squire's hall and the yeoman's chimney-corner," where friends and neighbours were wont to "sing aloud old songs, the precious music of the heart."

These two sapient Justices are admirably fitted to each other, for indeed they have worn together. Shallow highly appreciates his kinsman, who in turn looks up to him as his great man, and as a kind of superior nature. It were hardly fair to quit them without referring to their piece of dialogue about old Double; where in all the ludicrous oddity of the thing we have touches that "feelingly persuade us what we are." And I suppose there is none so poor shell of humanity but that, if we apply our ear, and listen intently, "from within are heard murmurings whereby the monitor expresses mysterious union with its native sea." It is considerable that this bit of dialogue occurs at our first meeting with the

speakers ; as if on purpose to set and gauge our feelings aright towards them ; to forestall and prevent an overmuch rising of contempt for them ; which is probably about the worst feeling we can cherish.

### Concluding Remarks.

The drama of *King Henry the Fourth*, taking the two Parts as artistically one, is deservedly ranked among the very highest of Shakespeare's achievements. The characterization, whether for quantity or quality or variety, or again whether regarded in the individual development or the dramatic combination, is above all praise. And yet, large and free as is the scope here given to invention, the parts are all strictly subordinated to the idea of the whole as an historical drama ; insomuch that even Falstaff, richly ideal as is the character, everywhere helps on the history ; a whole century of old English wit and sense and humour being crowded together and compacted in him. And one is surprised withal, upon reflection, to see how many scraps and odd minutes of intelligence are here to be met with. The Poet seems indeed to have been almost everywhere, and brought away some tincture and relish of the place ; as though his body were set full of eyes, and every eye took in matter of thought and memory : here we have the smell of eggs and butter ; there we turn up a fragment of old John of Gaunt ; elsewhere we chance upon a pot of Tewksbury mustard ; again we hit a bit of popular superstition, how Earl Douglas "runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular" : on the march with Falstaff, we contemplate "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace" ; at Clement's Inn we hear "the chimes at midnight" ; at Master Shal-

low's we "eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways and so forth": now we are amidst the poetries of chivalry and the felicities of victory; now amidst the obscure sufferings of war, where its inexorable iron hand enters the widow's cottage, and snatches away the land's humblest comforts. And so I might go on indefinitely, the particulars in this kind being so numerous as might well distract the mind, yet so skilfully composed that the number seems not large, till by a special effort of thought one goes to viewing them severally. And these particulars, though so unnoticed or so little noticed in the detail, are nevertheless so ordered that they all tell in the result. How strong is the principle of organic unity and life pervading the whole, may be specially instanced in Falstaff; whose sayings everywhere so fit and cleave to the circumstances, to all the oddities of connection and situation out of which they grow; have such a mixed smacking, such a various and composite relish, made up from all the peculiarities of the person by whom, the occasion wherein, and the purpose for which they are spoken, that they cannot be detached and set out by themselves without thwarting or greatly marring their force and flavour. Thus in the farthest extremities of the work we feel the beatings of one common heart. On the whole, we may safely affirm with Dr. Johnson, that "perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight."





# KING HENRY IV. PART FIRST.

---

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.	ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } his Sons.	OWEN GLENDOWER.
JOHN of Lancaster,	Sir RICHARD VERNON.
NEVILLE, Earl of Westmoreland.	Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
Sir WALTER BLUNT.	POINTZ. GADSHILL.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.	PETO. BARDOLPH.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.	LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur.
HENRY PERCY, his Son.	LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower.
Sir EDMUND MORTIMER.	Mrs. QUICKLY, Hostess in Eastcheap.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.	
Sir MICHAEL, his Friend.	

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*England.*

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.*

*King.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commenced in strands afar remote.<sup>1</sup>  
 No more the thirsty entrance<sup>2</sup> of this soil  
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;  
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields, -  
 Nor bruise her flowerets with the armèd hoofs  
 Of hostile paces : those opposèd eyes,  
 Which, like the meteors<sup>3</sup> of a troubled heaven,  
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
 And furious close of civil butchery,  
 Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,

<sup>1</sup> It scarce need be said that here the image is of Peace so scared and out of breath with domestic strife, that she can but make a brief pause, and pant forth short and broken speech of new wars to be undertaken in foreign lands. This play is distinctly continuous with *King Richard II.*, at the close of which we have Bolingbroke avowing it as his purpose to atone for the death of Richard by leading out another Crusade :

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

And in fact he was hardly more than seated on the throne before he began to be so harassed with acts of rebellion and threats of invasion, that he conceived the plan of drowning the public sense of his usurpation in an enthusiasm of foreign war and conquest.

<sup>2</sup> Of course *entrance* here means *mouth*; for what but a mouth should have *lips*? So in *Genesis*, iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath *opened her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand."

<sup>3</sup> *Meteor* was used in a much more general sense than we attach to the word. *King John*, page 98, note 19. It might include the *Aurora Borealis*, which sometimes has the appearance of hostile armies engaged in battle. So in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 533-8 :

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds, before each van  
 Prick forth the aëry knights, and couch their spears,  
 Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms  
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns.

March all one way, and be no more opposed  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ —  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessèd cross  
We are impressèd and engaged to fight —  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,<sup>4</sup>  
To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessèd feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,  
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :  
Therefore we meet not now.<sup>5</sup> — Then let me hear  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,<sup>6</sup>  
What yesternight our Council did decree  
In forwarding this dear expedience.<sup>7</sup>

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge<sup>8</sup> set down

<sup>4</sup> Levying an army *to* a place is an elliptical form of expression. So in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1587: "Scipio, before he *levied* his forces *to* the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the city in a cake, to be devoured." — Here, as often, *shall* has the force of *will*; the two being used indifferently.

<sup>5</sup> "We meet not on that question, or to consider that matter." Such is often the meaning of *therefore* in old English.

<sup>6</sup> Ralph Neville, the present Earl of Westmoreland, married for his first wife Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, by Catharine Swynford, and therefore half-sister to King Henry the Fourth. *Cousin*, in old English, bears much the same sense as *kinsman* in our time.

<sup>7</sup> The Poet uses *expedience* and *expedition* interchangeably: likewise, *expedient* and *expeditious*. By *dear*, the King probably means that he has his heart set upon it.

<sup>8</sup> "Limits of the charge" probably means *appointments* for the *undertak-*

But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came  
 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;  
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken ;  
 A thousand of his people butcheréd,<sup>9</sup>  
 Upon whose dead corpse'<sup>10</sup> there was such misuse,  
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
 Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

*King.* It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil  
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

*West.* This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord ;  
 For more uneven and unwelcome news  
 Came from the North, and thus it did import :  
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,<sup>11</sup>  
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
 That ever-valiant and approvèd Scot,  
 At Holmedon met ;  
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,  
 As by discharge of their artillery,

*ing.* The Poet repeatedly uses to *limit* for to *appoint* ; as also to *appoint* for to *equip* or *furnish* ; that is, to arrange the outfit of an army. — *Question*, in the line before, is *talk* or *discussion*. Often so. The matter was *warmly debated*.

<sup>9</sup> That is, " A thousand of his people *being* butchered."

<sup>10</sup> *Corpse'* for *corpses*. So we have *horse'* for *horses*, *house'* for *houses*, *sense'* for *senses*, &c.

<sup>11</sup> *Rood* is an old word for *cross*. So we have the expression, " The Duke that died on rood." Holy-Rood day was the 14th of September. Hotspur is said to have been so called, because, from the age of twelve years, when he first began to bear arms, his " spur was never cold," he being continually at war with the Scots.

And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;  
 For he that brought them,<sup>12</sup> in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention did take horse,  
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,  
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil<sup>13</sup>  
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;  
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited :  
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
 Balk'd in their own blood,<sup>14</sup> did Sir Walter see  
 On Holmedon's plains : of prisoners, Hotspur took  
 Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest son  
 To beaten Douglas ;<sup>15</sup> and the Earls of Athol,  
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.  
 And is not this an honourable spoil,  
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

*West.* Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou makest me sad, and makest me  
 sin

<sup>12</sup> *News*, and also *tidings*, was used indifferently as singular or plural : hence *was* and *them* in this instance.

<sup>13</sup> A most vivid expression of Sir Walter's speed and diligence.

<sup>14</sup> *Balk'd* in their own blood is *heaped*, or *laid in heaps*, in their own blood. A *balk* was a ridge or bank of earth standing up between two furrows ; and to *balk* was to throw up the earth so as to form those heaps or banks.

<sup>15</sup> This reads as if the Earl of Fife were the son of Douglas, whereas in fact he was son to the Duke of Albany, who was then regent or governor of Scotland, the King, his brother, being incapable of the office. The matter is thus given by Holinshed, pointing and all : " Of prisoners among other were these, Mordacke earle of Fife, son to the governour Archembald earle Dowglas, which in the fight lost one of his eies." The Poet's mistake was evidently caused by the omission of the comma after *governour*.



In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
 Should be the father to so blest a son, —  
 A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;  
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;  
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion<sup>16</sup> and her pride :  
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved  
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !<sup>17</sup>  
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine :  
 But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,  
 Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
 Which he in this adventure hath surprised,  
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,  
 I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.<sup>18</sup>

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
 Malevolent to you in all aspects ;<sup>19</sup>

<sup>16</sup> *Minion* is *darling*, *favourite*, or *pet*; a frequent usage.

<sup>17</sup> Among the naughty pranks which the ancient "night-tripping fairies" were supposed to enact, was that of stealing choice babies out of their cradles, and leaving inferior specimens in their stead. Shakespeare has several allusions to the roguish practice, as many other old writers also have. See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, page 40, note 5.

<sup>18</sup> Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him to himself to release or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife; for, he being a prince of the royal blood, Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

<sup>19</sup> An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. And the effect of planetary predominance is implied, which was held to be irresistible. So in Daniel's fine poem "To the Countess of Cumberland": "Where all th' aspects of

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest<sup>20</sup> of youth against your dignity.

*King.* But I have sent for him to answer this ;  
And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our Council we  
Will hold at Windsor ; so inform the lords :  
But come yourself with speed to us again ;  
For more is to be said and to be done  
Than out of anger can be uttered.<sup>21</sup>

*West.* I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The Same.* *An Apartment of Prince HENRY'S.*

*Enter Prince HENRY and FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack,  
and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches  
after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly  
which thou wouldst truly know.<sup>1</sup> What a devil hast thou to  
do with the time of the day ? unless hours were cups of sack,

misery *predominate* ; whose strong effects are such as he must bear, being  
powerless to redress." See, also, *The Winter's Tale*, page 47, note 23.

<sup>20</sup> *Crest* is, properly, the topmost part of a *helmet* ; and helmets were  
often surmounted with armorial ensigns, and adorned with costly feathers  
or plumes. A hawk, or a cock, was said to *prune* himself when he picked  
off the loose feathers, and smoothed the rest ; all from personal pride, of  
course.

<sup>21</sup> The King probably means that he must not give the reins to his  
tongue while his mind is in such a state of perturbation. That he should  
thus keep his lips close when he is in danger of speaking indecorously, is a  
fine trait in his character.

<sup>1</sup> Implying, apparently, that he should ask only for the time of the *night*  
as that is the time for all his pleasures and pursuits.

and minutes capons, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta,<sup>2</sup> I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the Moon and the seven stars,<sup>3</sup> and not by Phœbus, — he, *that wandering knight so fair*.<sup>4</sup> And I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, when thou art king, — as, God save thy Grace, — Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

*Prince.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.<sup>5</sup>

*Prince.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty:<sup>6</sup> let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we steal.

<sup>2</sup> *Taffeta* was a rich silk of a wavy lustre. So that a handsome woman blazing in a dress of *flame-coloured* taffeta would be a pretty brilliant and captivating phenomenon.

<sup>3</sup> The *seven stars* are, probably, the constellation Pleiades.

<sup>4</sup> Falstaff, with great propriety, according to the old astronomy, calls the Sun a *wandering knight*. The words probably are from some forgotten ballad.

<sup>5</sup> Not so much grace as will serve for saying grace before meat. Eggs and butter appear to have been a favourite lunch. — *Roundly*, in the next line, is *speak plainly*, or *bluntly*.

<sup>6</sup> Falstaff is an inveterate player upon words, as here between *night* and *knight*, *beauty* and *booty*. A *squire of the body* originally meant an attendant on a knight. — As to *Diana's foresters*, Hall the chronicler tells of a pageant exhibited in the reign of Henry VIII., wherein were certain persons called *Diana's knights*.

*Prince.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the Moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing *Lay by*, and spent with crying *Bring in*;<sup>7</sup> now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by-and-by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.<sup>8</sup>

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*Prince.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.<sup>9</sup> And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?<sup>10</sup>

<sup>7</sup> The meaning and application of the phrase *Lay by*, as here used, are somewhat in doubt. It was in use as a nautical term for to *slacken sail*. So in *King Henry VIII.*, iii. 1: "Even the billows of the sea hung their heads, and then *lay by*"; that is, *sank to rest*. Some think that in the text it is a phrase addressed by highwaymen to the persons they have waylaid, like "Stand! and deliver." But I believe no clear authority is brought for that explanation. So I suspect it was a phrase used by highwaymen to each other when watching for their game; and meant *be still*, or *stand close*; something like the phrase of our time, "lie low and keep dark." So *stand close* occurs twice in ii. 2, of this play. — *Bring in* was the call of revellers to the waiters to bring in *more wine*.

<sup>8</sup> Referring to the liability which thieves incurred of being promoted to the high place of hanging.

<sup>9</sup> Shakespeare has several allusions to the classical honey of Hybla, the name of a district in Sicily where the honey, celebrated by the poets for its superior flavour, was found. So in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1: "But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, and leave them honeyless." — It is certain that in this play, as originally written, Falstaff bore the name of Oldcastle; and "old lad of the castle" is no doubt a relic of that naming.

<sup>10</sup> A *buff jerkin* was a jerkin or coat made of ox-hide, and was commonly worn by sheriff's officers. It seems to have been called a *robe of durance*, both because of its great durability, and because it was the wearer's business to put debtors and criminals in *durance*.

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities?<sup>11</sup> what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*Prince.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

*Prince.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*Prince.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent<sup>12</sup>—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law?<sup>13</sup> Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*Prince.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

*Prince.* Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps<sup>14</sup> with my humour; as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

<sup>11</sup> *Quips* and *quiddities* are gibes and subtle allusions or sly retorts. Strictly speaking, a *quiddity* is a nice distinction.

<sup>12</sup> An intimation that, but for his prospect of the throne, the Prince would be credit-broken. To express the thought in full, were a greater liberty than Falstaff dares to take with the Prince.

<sup>13</sup> *Antic*, as the word is here used, means *buffoon*. Speaking of the law as a venerable buffoon is a right Falstaffian stroke of humour. In *Richard II.*, ii. 2, the word is so applied to Death: "Within the hollow crown Death keeps his Court; and there the *antic* sits, scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp." — *Fobb'd* is *tricked* or *cheated*.

<sup>14</sup> *Jumps* is *accords* or *agrees*. See *The Merchant*, page 129, note 5.



*Prince.* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits,<sup>15</sup> whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood,<sup>16</sup> I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugg'd bear.<sup>17</sup>

*Prince.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.<sup>18</sup>

*Prince.* What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?<sup>19</sup>

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative,<sup>20</sup> rascalliest, sweet young prince,

<sup>15</sup> There is a quibble here between *suits* in the sense of *petitions* and the *suits of clothes*, which the hangman inherited from those whom he executed. Waiting in the Court for the granting of one's petitions used to be as tedious as "the law's delay."

<sup>16</sup> As a sort of compromise between reverence and profanity, various oaths became so curtailed and disguised in the use, that their original meaning was almost lost. Among these, 'Sblood and *Zounds* were very common, the original forms being "God's blood" and "God's wounds." 'Slight, "God's light," was another.

<sup>17</sup> A *gib-cat* is a *male cat*. *Tom* cat is now the usual term. Ray has this proverbial phrase, "as melancholy as a *gibd* cat." In Sherwood's *English and French Dictionary* we have "a *gibbe* or *old male cat*." — A *lugg'd bear* was probably a bear made cross by having his ears pulled or plucked.

<sup>18</sup> *Lincolnshire bagpipes* was proverbial. The allusion, if there be any, is yet unexplained.

<sup>19</sup> The hare seems to have been proverbial as a type of melancholy. In illustration of the text, Staunton aptly quotes from Turberville's *Book on Hunting and Falconry*: "The hare first taught us the use of the hearbe called wyld Succory, which is very excellent for those which are disposed to be melancholicke: shee herselfe is *one of the most melancholicke beasts* that is, and to heale her own infirmitie she goeth commonly to sit under that hearbe." — *Moorditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, opened to an unwholesome morass, and therefore had an air of melancholy. So in Taylor's *Pennylesse Pilgrimage*, 1618: "My body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy*."

<sup>20</sup> *Comparative* is here used for *one who is fond of making comparisons*.

—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I mark'd him not; and yet he talk'd very wisely,—but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration,<sup>21</sup> and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.<sup>22</sup>

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

<sup>21</sup> That is, a naughty trick of *repetition*, referring, no doubt, to what the Prince keeps doing throughout this scene; namely, iterating, retorting, and distorting Falstaff's words.

<sup>22</sup> To *baffle* is to use contemptuously, or treat with ignominy; to un-knight. It was originally a punishment of infamy inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was *hanging them up by the heels*. The degrading of a false knight is thus set forth in *The Faerie Queene*, v. 3, 37, showing how Sir Artegall's iron page, Talus, served Braggadochio:

First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent;  
Then from him reft his sheld, and it renverst,  
And blotted out his armes with falsehood blent;  
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst;  
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter* POINTZ.

—Pointz!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.<sup>23</sup> O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried *Stand!* to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Pointz.* Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack-and-sugar?<sup>24</sup> Jack, how agrees the Devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

*Prince.* Sir John stands to his word,—the Devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the Devil his due.

*Pointz.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Devil.

*Prince.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

*Pointz.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by

<sup>23</sup> *Setting a match* appears to have been one of the technicalities of thievery. Thus in *Ratsey's Ghost*, a tract printed about 1606: "I have been many times beholding to tapsters and chamberlains for directions and *setting of matches*."

<sup>24</sup> A deal of learned ink has been shed in discussing what Sir John's favourite beverage might be. Nares has pretty much proved it to have been the Spanish wine now called *Sherry*. So in Blount's *Glossographia*: "*Sherry sack*, so called from *Xeres*, a town of Corduba in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made." And in Markham's *English Housewife*: "Your best sacks are of *Seres* in Spaine." And indeed Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*. The latter part of the name, *sack*, is thought to have come from its being a *dry* wine, *vin sec*; and it was formerly written *seck*.

four o'clock, early at Gads-hill!<sup>25</sup> there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward;<sup>26</sup> if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Pointz.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.<sup>27</sup>

*Prince.* Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Pointz.* Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move,

<sup>25</sup> Gads-hill was a wooded place on the road from London to Rochester, much noted as a resort of highwaymen.

<sup>26</sup> *Yedward* was a familiar corruption of Edward.

<sup>27</sup> Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*.

and what he hears may be believed, that the true Prince may, for recreation-sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* Farewell, thou latter Spring! farewell, All-hallown Summer!<sup>28</sup>

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.]

*Pointz.* Now, my good sweet honey-lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*Prince.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Pointz.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them.

*Prince.* Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment,<sup>29</sup> to be ourselves.

*Pointz.* Tut! our horses they shall not see, — I'll tie them in the wood; our visards we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,<sup>30</sup> to immask our noted outward garments.

<sup>28</sup> *All-hallown*, or *All hallown*, is All Saints' Day, the first of November. Nothing could more happily express the character of Falstaff as sowing wild oats in his old age, or as carrying on the May and June of life to the verge of Winter.

<sup>29</sup> *Appointment for equipment or outfit.* See page 55, note 8.

<sup>30</sup> This passage shows that *sirrah* was sometimes used merely in a play-



*Prince.* But I doubt<sup>31</sup> they will be too hard for us.

*Pointz.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards,<sup>32</sup> what blows, what extremities he endured ; and in the reproof<sup>33</sup> of this lies the jest.

*Prince.* Well, I'll go with thee : provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap ; there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Pointz.* Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Prince.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyoked<sup>34</sup> humour of your idleness :  
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother-up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
And vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;  
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

ful, familiar way, without implying any lack of respect. — For the *nonce* signified for the *occasion*, for the *once*.

<sup>31</sup> *Doubt* in the sense of *fear* or *suspect* ; a frequent usage.

<sup>32</sup> *Wards* is *guards* ; that is, modes or postures of defence.

<sup>33</sup> *Reproof* for *refutation* or *disproof*. To *refute*, to *refell*, to *disallow*, are old meanings of to *refute*. See *Much Ado*, page 65, note 14.

<sup>34</sup> *Unyoked* is *untamed* ; like wild steers not broken into work.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
 And pay the debt I never promiséd,  
 By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;<sup>35</sup>  
 And, like bright metal on a sullen<sup>36</sup> ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
 I'll so offend, to<sup>37</sup> make offence a skill ;  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King* HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOT-  
 SPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

*King.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
 As you have found me ; for, accordingly,  
 You tread upon my patience : but be sure  
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
 Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>35</sup> *Hopes* for *expectations* ; no uncommon use of the word even now.

<sup>36</sup> *Sullen* in its old sense of *dark* or *black*. See *Richard II.*, page 161, note 6.

<sup>37</sup> In such cases, the old poets often omit *as* after *so*.—Here Johnson notes as follows : " This speech is very artfully introduced, to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience : it prepares them for his future reformation ; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake."

<sup>1</sup> The King means that he will rather be what his office requires than what his natural *disposition* prompts him to be. The use of *condition* for *temper* or *disposition* was exceedingly common.

Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
 And therefore lost that title of respect  
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our House, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;  
 And that same greatness too which our own hands  
 Have help to make so portly.<sup>2</sup>

*North.* My good lord,—

*King.* Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see  
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye :  
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
 And majesty might never yet endure  
 The moody frontier<sup>3</sup> of a servant brow.  
 You have good leave to leave us : when we need  
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit WORCES.*  
 — [*To NORTH.*] You were about to speak.

*North.* Yea, my good lord.  
 Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,  
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
 As is deliver'd to your Majesty :  
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision<sup>4</sup>  
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,

<sup>2</sup> *Help* and *holpen* are the old preterites of the verb to *help*. — *Portly* here has the sense of *stately* or *imposing*. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 2: "The magnificoes of greatest *port*."

<sup>3</sup> *Frontier* seems to be here used very much in the sense of *confronting* or *outfacing*. The image is of a threatening or defiant *fortress*.

<sup>4</sup> *Envy* is doubtless used here for *malice*, the sense it more commonly bears in Shakespeare. — *Misprision* is *misprising* or *prising amiss*; *mis-taking*.

When I was dry with rage and éxtreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd  
Show'd like a stubble-land <sup>5</sup> at harvest-home :  
He was perfumèd like a milliner ;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box,<sup>6</sup> which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff :<sup>7</sup> and still he smiled and talk'd ;  
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
Out of my grief and my impatience  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what, —  
He should, or he should not ; for't made me mad

<sup>5</sup> The courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed*, and would therefore show like a stubble-land new-reap'd. — Millinery work was commonly done by men in Shakespeare's time ; women's tailors, as they were called.

<sup>6</sup> A *pouncet-box* was a box perforated with small holes, for carrying musk, or other perfumes then in fashion. Warburton says that "various aromatic powders were thus used in *snuff*, long before tobacco was."

<sup>7</sup> *Took it in snuff* means no more than *snuffed it up* : but there is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff at it*, in familiar modern speech ; to be angry, to take offence.

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns and drums and wounds, — God save the mark ! —  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on Earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;  
And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation  
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
Whatever Harry Percy then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
May reasonably die, and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*King.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso and exception,  
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March



Hath lately married.<sup>8</sup> Shall our coffers, then,  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears<sup>9</sup>  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war: to prove that true  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
Those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took,  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound<sup>10</sup> the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.  
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,

<sup>8</sup> The Mortimer, who had been sent into Wales, was not the Earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the Earl, and therefore perhaps distrusted by the King, as the natural protector of his nephew. At this time the Earl of March was but about ten years old, and was held in safe keeping at Windsor. The mistake runs through Holinshed's chapter on the reign of Henry IV.

<sup>9</sup> To *indent with* is to make a covenant or compact with any one: here it seems to bear the sense of to *compromise* or *make terms*.—Shakespeare sometimes uses subject and object interchangeably; as in *Macbeth*, i. 3: "Present *fears* are less than horrible imaginings"; where *fears* is put for *dangers*, that is, the things or persons feared. And so in the text *fears* apparently means *objects* of fear. So that the meaning of the passage in the text evidently is, "Shall we buy off traitors, or make terms with persons once dangerous indeed, but who have now forfeited and lost whatsoever rendered them formidable?"

<sup>10</sup> Shakespeare again uses *confound* for *spending* or consuming time in *Coriolanus*, i. 6: "How couldst thou in a mile *confound* an hour?"

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head<sup>11</sup> in the hollow bank  
 Blood-stainèd with these valiant combatants.  
 Never did base and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly :  
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him ;  
 He never did encounter with Glendower :  
 I tell thee,  
 He durst as well have met the Devil alone  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, from henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you. — My Lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son. —  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and train.*]

*Hot.* An if the Devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them : I will after straight,  
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,

<sup>11</sup> The same image occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*. "The Volga trembled at his terror, and hid his seven *curled heads*." Likewise in one of Jonson's *Masques* : "The rivers run as smoothèd by his hand, only their *heads* are *crispèd* by his stroke." — As Johnson notes, "Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank."

Although it be with hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile :  
Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer !

Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :  
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high i' the air as this unthankful King,  
As this ingrate and canker'd<sup>12</sup> Bolingbroke.

*North.* [*To WORCESTER.*] Brother, the King hath made  
your nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;  
And when I urged the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him : was he not proclaim'd  
By Richard that is dead the next of blood ?<sup>13</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *Canker*, both verb and noun, in one of its senses is used of any thing that corrodes or consumes, or that has the virulent or malignant qualities of a *cancer*. Such is doubtless the meaning here. See *The Tempest*, page 127, note 41.

<sup>13</sup> Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was declared heir-apparent to the crown in 1385, but was killed in Ireland in 1398. His mother was Philippa, the only child of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was the second son of Edward the Third. In the strict order of succession, the crown was due to Edmund Mortimer, the son of Roger, who was accordingly proclaimed heir-apparent by Richard the Second in 1399, just before starting on his ex-

*North.* He was ; I heard the proclamation :  
 And then it was when the unhappy King —  
 Whose wrongs in us <sup>14</sup> God pardon ! — did set forth  
 Upon his Irish expedition ;  
 From whence he intercepted did return  
 To be deposed, and shortly murderéd.

*Wor.* And for whose death we in the world's wide  
 mouth  
 Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft ! I pray you ; did King Richard then  
 Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
 Heir to the crown ?

*North.* He did ; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,  
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starved.  
 But shall it be, that you, that set the crown  
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
 And for his sake wear the detested blot  
 Of murderous subornation, — shall it be,  
 That you a world of curses undergo,  
 Being the agents, or base second means,  
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ? —  
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
 To show the line and the predicament  
 Wherein you range under this subtle King ; —  
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power

pedition to Ireland. He was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew.  
 See note 8.

<sup>14</sup> That is, "the wrongs which we inflicted on him"; the Percys having  
 been the chief supporters of Bolingbroke in his usurpation.

Did gage<sup>15</sup> them both in an unjust behalf, —  
 As both of you, God pardon it ! have done, —  
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
 And plant this thorn, this canker,<sup>16</sup> Bolingbroke ?  
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent ?  
 No ! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again ;  
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd<sup>17</sup> contempt  
 Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :  
 Therefore, I say, —

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more :  
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontent  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;  
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If we fall in, good night, or sink or swim !  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honour cross it from the north to south,

<sup>15</sup> To *gage* is to *pledge*, or *commit*. *Engaged* occurs afterwards in much the same sense. *Both* refers to *nobility* and *power*. See *The Merchant*, page 86, note 31.

<sup>16</sup> The *canker* here meant is the *dog-rose* ; the rose of the hedge, not of the garden. So, in *Much Ado*, i. 3, the sullen John says of Don Pedro, " I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his Grace."

<sup>17</sup> *Disdain'd* for *disdainful* or *disdaining* ; an instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms.



And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start<sup>18</sup> a hare !

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced Moon ;  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drownèd honour by the locks ;  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
Without corival<sup>19</sup> all her dignities :  
But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the form of what he should attend.<sup>20</sup> —  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.<sup>21</sup>

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots  
That are your prisoners, —

*Hot.* I'll keep them all ;  
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them ;  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

<sup>18</sup> *To rouse* and *to start* are instances of the infinitive used gerundively, and so are equivalent to *in rousing* and *in starting*. By *lion* Hotspur means the King.

<sup>19</sup> *Corrival* for *rival* simply, and in the sense of *partner* or *associate*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the *rivals* of my watch, bid them make haste." — "Half-faced fellowship" is the same, I take it, as what we might call half-hearted friendship. It is Hotspur's way of charging that the King is not true to him, or does not rate his services so highly as he thinks they deserve.

<sup>20</sup> His imagination so swarms with ideal shapes and images, that it whirls him away from the business in hand.

<sup>21</sup> "I cry you mercy" is the old phrase for "I ask your pardon."

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
Those prisoners you shall keep ; —

*Hot.* Nay, I will ; that's flat.  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;  
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla *Mortimer* !  
Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, cousin ; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,<sup>22</sup>  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :  
And that same sword-and-buckler<sup>23</sup> Prince of Wales,  
But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.<sup>24</sup>

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman : I will talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

<sup>22</sup> To *refuse*, to *disclaim*, to *renounce*, to *forsake* are among the old senses of to *defy*. See *King John*, page 93, note 4.

<sup>23</sup> Upon the introduction of the rapier and dagger, the sword and buckler fell into desuetude among the higher classes, and were accounted fitting weapons for the vulgar only, such as Hotspur implies were the associates of the Prince. — STAUNTON.

<sup>24</sup> Hotspur is here speaking out of his anger and impatience : not that he could seriously think of doing what he says ; for he is the soul of honour, and incapable of any thing mean.

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods, Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.<sup>25</sup> In Richard's time, — what do ye call the place? — A plague upon't! — it is in Glostershire; — 'Twas where the madcap Duke his uncle kept,<sup>26</sup> His uncle York; — where I first bow'd my knee Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke; — When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

*North.* At Berkley-castle.

*Hot.* You say true: — Why, what a candy deal of courtesy<sup>27</sup> This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! Look, *when his infant fortune came to age*, And, *Gentle Harry Percy*, and, *kind cousin*, — O, the Devil take such cozeners!<sup>28</sup> — God forgive me! — Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to't again; We'll stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i'faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners. Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

<sup>25</sup> Henry Plantagenet, the King of this play, was surnamed Bolingbroke from a castle of that name in Lincolnshire, where he was born. In like manner, his father, John of Gaunt, was so called from the place of his birth, which was the city of Ghent in Flanders.

<sup>26</sup> *Kept* for *dwelt* or *lived*. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 3: "It is the most impenetrable cur that ever *kept* with men."

<sup>27</sup> *Candy* is *sugar*; and "candy deal of courtesy" is deal of *sugared* courtesy. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 2: "Let the *candied* tongue lick absurd pomp."

<sup>28</sup> To *cozen* is to *cheat*, to *swindle*. Hotspur is snapping off a pun or play between *cousin* and *cozener*. So in *King Richard III.*, iv. 4: "Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle *cozen'd* of kingdom, kindred, freedom, life."

And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
 For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons  
 Which I shall send you written, be assured,  
 Will easily be granted. — [*To* NORTH.] You, my lord,  
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,  
 Th' Archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is't not?

*Wor.* True ; who bears hard  
 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.  
 I speak not this in estimation,<sup>29</sup>  
 As what I think might be, but what I know  
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,  
 And only stays but to behold the face  
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell't : upon my life, it will do well.

*North.* Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.<sup>30</sup>

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot : —  
 And then the power of Scotland and of York,  
 To join with Mortimer, ha ?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
 To save our heads by raising of a head ;<sup>31</sup>  
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

<sup>29</sup> *Estimation* in the sense of *conjecture* or *inference*.

<sup>30</sup> This phrase is taken from hunting. To *let slip* is to let *loose* the hounds when the game is ready for the chase. Unless the fox is *a-foot*, or out of his hole, the hunters cannot get at him.

<sup>31</sup> That is, save their heads by making prompt headway in resistance. The use of *head* for *army* was common.

The King will always think him in our debt,  
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home :<sup>32</sup>  
 And see already how he doth begin  
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does : we'll be revenged on him.

*Wor.* Cousin,<sup>33</sup> farewell : no further go in this  
 Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
 When time is ripe, — which will be suddenly, —  
 I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ;  
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,  
 As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive, I trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu : O, let the hours be short,  
 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>32</sup> To *pay home* is to pay, that is, *punish, thoroughly*, or *to the uttermost*. So in *The Tempest*, v. 1: "I will *pay* thy graces *home* both in word and deed"; where, however, *pay* is *reward*.

<sup>33</sup> *Cousin* was a common term for *nephew, niece, grandchild*, and what we mean by the word.



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rochester. An Inn-Yard.*

*Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.*

*1 Car.* Heigh-ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain<sup>1</sup> is over the new chimney, and yet our horse' not pack'd.—What, ostler!

*Ost.* [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

*1 Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter another Carrier.*

*2 Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,<sup>3</sup> and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

*1 Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose;<sup>4</sup> it was the death of him.

<sup>1</sup> *Charles' Wain* was the vulgar name for the constellation called the *Great Bear*. It is a corruption of *Chorles'* or *Churl's* wain.

<sup>2</sup> The *withers* of a horse is the ridge between the shoulder bones at the bottom of the neck, right under the *point* of the saddle. *Wrung* as thus used is the same as *gall'd*. So in *Hamlet*: "Let the *gall'd* jade wince, our withers are *unwrung*."—*Flocks* are *flakes* or *locks of wool*.—*Cess* is an old word for tax or subsidy; the original of *assess*. When an assessment was exorbitant, it was said to be *out of all cess*; excessive. *The Beggars' Bush* of B. and F.: "When the subsidy's increased, we are not a penny *cess'd*."

<sup>3</sup> *Dank* is *moist, damp*. The dog was probably as much overworked in comparisons three centuries ago as he is now.—"The *next* way" is the *nearest* way.—*Bots* is *worms*, a disease that horses sometimes die of.

<sup>4</sup> The price of grain was very high in 1596; which may have put Shakespeare upon making poor Robin thus die of one idea.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas : I am stung like a tench.<sup>5</sup>

1 *Car.* Like a tench ! by the Mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. — What, ostler ! come away and be hang'd ; come away.<sup>6</sup>

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.<sup>7</sup>

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody,<sup>8</sup> the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.<sup>9</sup> — What, ostler ! A plague on thee ! hast thou never an eye in thy head ? canst not hear ? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd : hast no faith in thee ?

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock ?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.<sup>10</sup>

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye ; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

<sup>5</sup> Some fresh-water fish are at certain seasons infested with a sort of lice, and so might be said to be *stung*.

<sup>6</sup> *Come away*, is *come along*, or *come*, simply. Repeatedly so.

<sup>7</sup> A *raze* of ginger is said to have been a term for a package of ginger ; how large does not appear : not to be confounded with *race*, a *root*. — Charing-cross was an ancient shrine, said to have been erected in memory of Eleanor, Queen of Edward the First. Though the spot is now in the heart of London, three centuries ago it was in the outskirts of the city.

<sup>8</sup> Another disguised oath, whittled down from *God's body*.

<sup>9</sup> Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

<sup>10</sup> The Carrier has just said, " An't be not *four* by the day, I'll be hang'd." Probably he suspects Gadshill, and tries to mislead him.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth a? marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. — Come, neighbour Muggs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* Carriers.]

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.<sup>11</sup>

*Gads.* That's even as fair as — at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.<sup>12</sup>

*Enter* Chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin<sup>13</sup> in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor;<sup>14</sup> one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

<sup>11</sup> A slang phrase of the time, often found in old plays.

<sup>12</sup> *Chamberlain* was a term applied to certain tavern officers; probably much the same as *bar-keeper* in our time. As here represented, chamberlains often concerted with highwaymen for the waylaying of travellers, themselves sharing in the profits.

<sup>13</sup> A freeholder or yeoman, a man above a vassal or villain, but not a gentleman. This was the *Franklin* of the age of Elizabeth. In earlier times he was a person of much more dignity.

<sup>14</sup> An auditor was an officer of the revenue: his "abundance of charge" was doubtless money belonging to the State; as Gadshill afterwards says, "'tis going to the King's exchequer."

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,<sup>15</sup> I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers;<sup>16</sup> such as can hold in,<sup>17</sup> such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, zwounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the

<sup>15</sup> As Nicholas or Old Nick is a cant name for the Devil, so thieves are equivocally called *St. Nicholas' clerks*.

<sup>16</sup> A cant phrase for *great ones*; the word being formed in much the same way as auctioneer, privateer.—*Foot land-rakers* were *footpads*, wanderers on foot.—*Long-staff sixpenny strikers* were petty thieves, such as would knock a man down for a sixpence.—*Purple-hued malt-worms* were probably such as had their faces made red with drinking ale.

<sup>17</sup> *Hold in*, as here used, appears to have been a term of the chase, applied to a pack of hounds when they all acted in concert, or pulled together in pursuit of the game. So that the sense of the phrase as applied to men would be *stick by each other*, or *be true to each other*. This interpretation appears to be sustained by a passage in Turberville's *Booke of Hunting*: "If they run it endways orderly and make it good, then, when they *hold in* together merrily, we say, *They are in a crie*." In the old language of the chase, a *cry* is a *pack*; so that to be in a cry is to act as a *pack* in pursuit of the game, or to act in concert. So in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, 1641: "A *crie* of hounds have here a deer in chase." See *Midsummer*, page 90, note 13.

Commonwealth ; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.<sup>18</sup>

*Cham.* What, the Commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?<sup>19</sup>

*Gads.* She will, she will ; justice hath liquor'd her.<sup>20</sup> We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed, — we walk invisible.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>18</sup> *Boot* is *profit* or *advantage* ; and in such cases it was common to use the plural where present usage requires the singular. So we have such expressions as “your *loves*” and “your *pities*,” and “your *peaces*.” — I have never met with any printed comment on this passage that seemed to me at all fitting or adequate. In the preceding note I have tried to explain a part of it, but am not greatly satisfied with the result. Since that note was written, I have received the following from Mr. Joseph Crosby, which satisfies me better than any thing I have either found or been able to think out: “Gadshill uses the word *pray* of course in the very opposite of its meaning ; as we should have expected *swear* or *curse*, rather than *pray*. I take his whole speech to be a piece of braggadocio, somewhat like this: ‘Have no fears of my companions: I am joined with none of your loose-tongued braggarts, but with men that *can hold* . . . and keep their mouths shut, if need be ; such as will knock a man on the head as quick as bid him *stand* ; and such as would bid a man stand as quick as they would drink ; and such as would drink sooner than — *pray*, I tell you : you think I am joking ; but, if it be any joke, I’m a liar ; for they *do* pray ; they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth ; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her,’ &c.”

<sup>19</sup> A quibble, of course, upon *boots* and *booty*.

<sup>20</sup> Greasing or oiling boots, to make them “hold out water in foul way,” was called *liquoring* them. So in the *Merry Wives*, iv. 5: “They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen’s boots with me.” — *Cock-sure* is explained by Holloway as originating in the fact that the gun-lock which had a *cock* to it, as that part which holds the flint and strikes the fire is called, was found much more *sure* in firing than the old match-lock had been. The explanation is not very satisfactory, but I can give none better.

<sup>21</sup> *Fern-seed* was of old thought to have the power of rendering those invisible who carried it. So in Ben Jonson’s *New Inn*, i. 1: “Because indeed I had no medicine, sir, to go invisible ; no *fern-seed* in my pocket.” I suspect the key to the mystery lies partly in this, that ferns do not propagate by



*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.<sup>22</sup>

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to ; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *The Road by Gads-hill.*

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ ; BARDOLPH and PETO at some distance.*

*Pointz.* Come, shelter, shelter : I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.<sup>1</sup>

*Prince.* Stand close. [They retire.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Pointz ! Pointz, and be hang'd ! Pointz !

seeds, but by *spores*, which are invisible. So Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, states the fern to be "one of those plants which have their seede on the back of the leaf, so small as to escape the sighte. Those who perceived that ferne was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seede, were much at a losse for a solution of the difficultie." It appears, also, that there was a special formula of directions as to the time and manner of gathering the seed so as to make its wonderful properties available. Probably the words "*receipt* of fern-seed" refer to this.

<sup>22</sup> *Purchase* was used in the sense of *gain*, *profit*, whether legally or illegally obtained. So in *Henry V.*, iii. 2: "They will *steal* any thing, and call it *purchase*."—"True man" occurs repeatedly in this play for *honest* man, and so antithetic to *thief*. In the next scene the Prince says, "The thieves have bound the *true* men." The usage was common.

<sup>1</sup> An equivoque on *frets*. Velvet and taffeta were sometimes starched with gum ; in which cases the fabric soon got *fretted* away and spoilt.

*Prince.* [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

*Fal.* Where's Pointz, Hal?

*Prince.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Retires.*]

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob<sup>2</sup> in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire<sup>3</sup> further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him,<sup>4</sup> I'll be hang'd; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines.—Pointz!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

*Prince.* [*Coming forward.*] Peace! lie down; lay thine

<sup>2</sup> *To rob* is another gerundial infinitive, and so the same as *in robbing*. The usage is very frequent in Shakespeare. See page 78, note 18.

<sup>3</sup> *Squire* was often used for a carpenter's measuring-rule; commonly called a *square*. Its length is two feet; and it has a shorter arm making a right angle with the longer one, so as to be used for *squaring* timbers.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the philters or love-powders, which were supposed to have the effect in question. So, in *Othello*, i. 3, Brabantio says, "she is abused and corrupted by spells and medicines bought of mountebanks."

ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt<sup>5</sup> me thus?

*Prince.* Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

*Prince.* Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach<sup>6</sup> for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes,<sup>7</sup> let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too, I hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Stand!

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Pointz.* O, 'tis our setter:<sup>8</sup> I know his voice.

[*Coming forward with BARDOLPH and PETO.*

*Bard.* What news?

*Gads.* Case ye, case ye; on with your visards: there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

<sup>5</sup> To *colt* is to *trick, fool, or deceive*. The Prince plays upon the word, as Falstaff has lost his *horse*.

<sup>6</sup> To *peach* is, in our phrase, to "turn State's evidence." The radical sense of the word survives in *impeach*.

<sup>7</sup> This was considered a pretty sharp infliction. Shakespeare was said to have thus revenged himself on Sir Thomas Lucy with a ballad. The Psalmist's complaint, "And the drunkards made songs upon me," naturally occurs in connection with it.

<sup>8</sup> The one who was to *set a match*. See page 65, note 23.

*Fal.* You lie, ye rogue ; 'tis going to the King's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hang'd.

*Prince.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane ; Ned Pointz and I will walk lower : if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them ?

*Gads.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* Zwounds, will they not rob us ?

*Prince.* What, a coward, Sir John Paunch ?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

*Prince.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Pointz.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge : when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

*Prince.* [*Aside to POINTZ.*] Ned, where are our disguises ?

*Pointz.* [*Aside to P. HEN.*] Here, hard by : stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINTZ.*]

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,<sup>9</sup> say I : every man to his business.

*Enter Travellers.*

*1 Trav.* Come, neighbour :

The boy shall lead our horses down the hill ;  
We'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legs.

*Fal., Gads., &c.* Stand !

*2 Trav.* Jesu bless us !

<sup>9</sup> A common phrase of the time meaning much the same as our "Success to you!" *Dole* is *deal*, *lot*, or *portion* : hence, "may happiness be his lot." See *The Winter's Tale*, page 48, note 26.

*Fal.* Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats. Ah, whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ; fleece them.

*I Trav.* O, we're undone, both we and ours for ever !

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs ;<sup>10</sup> I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves ! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye ? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* FAL., GADS., &c., *driving the Travellers out.*

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, in buckram suits.*

*Prince.* The thieves have bound the true men. Now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

*Pointz.* Stand close : I hear them coming. [*They retire.*

*Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Pointz be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour in that Pointz than in a wild-duck.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and POINTZ*

*Prince.* Your money ! *set upon them.*

<sup>10</sup> A *chuff*, according to Richardson, is a "burly, swollen man ; swollen either with gluttony and guzzling, or with ill tempers." So in Massinger's *Duke of Milan* : "To see these *chuffs*, who every day may spend a soldier's entertainment for a year, yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins." — *Gorbellied* is another word of about the same meaning, — *pot-bellied*. — Falstaff, "a huge hill of flesh," reviling his victims for their corpulence, is an exquisite stroke of humour. Still better, perhaps, his exclaiming "they hate us youth," — the old sinner ! — and "young men must live."



*Pointz.* Villains !

[FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two, and the others run away, leaving the booty behind them.*

*Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse :  
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear  
So strongly that they dare not meet each other ;  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.  
Away, good Ned. Fat Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :  
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Pointz.* How the rogue roar'd ! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*<sup>1</sup>

Hot. — *But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House.* — He could be contented ; why is he not, then ? In respect of the love he bears our House ! — he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; — Why, that's certain : 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light for the*

<sup>1</sup> This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland. *Marches* is an old word for *borders* ; and Earls of March were so called from their having charge of the borders, whether those between England and Scotland, or those between England and Wales. In the days of border warfare, the charge was an important one.

*counterpoise of so great an opposition.*— Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zwounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him<sup>2</sup> with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets,<sup>3</sup> for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the King: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night. —

*Enter Lady PERCY.*

How now, Kate!<sup>4</sup> I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

<sup>2</sup> Knock his brains out. See *The Tempest*, page 107, note II.

<sup>3</sup> Cut myself into two parts, and set the parts to cuffing each other.

<sup>4</sup> The Poet seems to have had a special liking for the name of Kate. The name of Hotspur's wife was Elizabeth. Holinshed, however, calls her Elinor.

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;  
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee  
 To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?  
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
 Cry, *Courage! to the field!* And thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
 Of basilisks,<sup>5</sup> of cannon, culverin,  
 Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain,  
 And all the 'currents<sup>6</sup> of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thou hast so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream;  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden hest.<sup>7</sup> O, what portents are these?  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho!

*Enter a Servant.*

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

<sup>5</sup> *Retires* are *retreats*. — *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along or near those limits. — *Basilisks* are a species of ordnance; so called from their supposed resemblance to the serpent of that name.

<sup>6</sup> *'Currents*, that is, *occurrences*, is an old form for *occurrences*.

<sup>7</sup> *Hest* is *behest*, — *summons* or *command*.

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance*!<sup>8</sup>—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit* Servant.]

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with.<sup>9</sup> In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line<sup>10</sup> his enterprise: but if you go, —

*Hot.* So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito,<sup>11</sup> answer me

Directly to this question that I ask:

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me true.

<sup>8</sup> *Esperance* was the motto of the Percy family. The word is French, and means *hope*. Here it is three syllables; later in the play it is four.

<sup>9</sup> As the spleen was held to be the special seat of all sudden and explosive emotions, whether of mirth or anger; so it is aptly assigned here as the cause of Hotspur's skittishness, or the swift jerks of speech and action which he is playing off.

<sup>10</sup> The Poet has *line* repeatedly for *strengthen*. So in *Macbeth*, i. 3: "Did *line* the rebel with hidden help and vantage."

<sup>11</sup> *Paraquito* is a small parrot; also called *perroquet* and *paraquet*.

*Hot.* Away,  
Away, you trifler ! Love ? I love thee not,  
I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world  
To play with mammets<sup>12</sup> and to tilt with lips :  
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,  
And pass them current too.<sup>13</sup> — Gods me, my horse ! —  
What say'st thou, Kate ? what wouldst thou have with me ?

*Lady.* Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?  
Well, do not, then ; for, since you love me not,  
I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?  
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride ?  
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear  
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;  
I must not have you henceforth question me  
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :  
Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,  
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
I know you wise, but yet no further wise  
Than Harry Percy's wife ; constant you are ;  
But yet a woman : and, for secrecy,  
No lady closer ; for I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*Lady.* How ! so far ?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :

<sup>12</sup> *Mammets* were *puppets* or *dolls*, here used by Shakespeare for a *female plaything* ; a diminutive of *mam*. So in Junius's *Nomenclator*, 1585 : " *Icunculæ, mammets* or *puppets* that goe by devises of wyer or strings, as though they had life and moving."

<sup>13</sup> A play, of course, between the two senses of *crowns*, that is, heads, and the coin so named. A crack in a coin sometimes made it uncurrent ; and it might be big enough to make a head so too.



Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;  
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
 Will this content you, Kate ?

*Lady.*

It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Eastcheap.*<sup>1</sup> *A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.*

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*Prince.* Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room,<sup>2</sup> and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Enter POINTZ.*

*Pointz.* Where hast been, Hal ?

*Prince.* With three or four loggerheads<sup>3</sup> amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash<sup>4</sup> of drawers ; and can call them all by their Christian names, as, Tom,

<sup>1</sup> Eastcheap is selected with propriety for the scene of the Prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence ; a mansion called Cold Harbour, near All-Hallows Church, Upper Thames Street, being granted to Henry, Prince of Wales. Shakespeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily ; for the Boar's-Head Tavern was very near Blackfriars' Playhouse.

<sup>2</sup> It does not well appear what room Pointz was in, or why it is called *fat*. To be sure, *fat* and *vat* were both used for what we call *wine-vats*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7 : "Come, thou monarch of the vine ! in thy *fats* our cares be drown'd," &c. But, so, a fat-room would be in a place where wine was made, not in a tavern where it was drunk. See Critical Notes.

<sup>3</sup> *Loggerheads* probably means *blockheads*.

<sup>4</sup> *Leash* is properly a string or thong for leading a dog ; and it came to signify a *trio*, because three dogs were usually coupled together.

Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy ; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a corinthian,<sup>5</sup> a lad of mettle, a good boy, — by the Lord, so they call me ; — and, when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet ; and, when you breathe in your watering,<sup>6</sup> they cry *hem!* and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker ;<sup>7</sup> one that never spake other English in his life than *Eight shillings and sixpence*, and, *You are welcome* ; with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, sir ! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,*<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Corinthian* and *Trojan* appear to have been a sort of flash terms in use among the fast young men of the time. *Corinthian* probably had some reference to the morals of ancient Corinth. Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnus*, speaks of "the sage and rheumatic old prelatess, with all her *Corinthian* laity."

<sup>6</sup> To *breathe in your watering* is to stop and take breath when you are drinking. So in Rowland's *Letting of Humour's Blood*, 1600 :

A pox of *piece-meal drinking*, William says,  
*Play it away*, we'll have no stoppes and stays.

Also in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman* : "If he dranke off his cups cleanly, *took not his wind in his draught*, spit not, left nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize."

<sup>7</sup> It appears that the drawers kept *sugar* folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack. — An *under-skinker* is a tapster, an *under-drawer*. *Skink* is from *scenc*, drink ; Saxon.

<sup>8</sup> *Half-moon* is used as the name of a room in the tavern ; and so is *Pomegranate* a little after. — *Score* was a term for keeping accounts, when

— or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar ; and do thou never leave calling *Francis!* that his tale to me may be nothing but *anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.<sup>9</sup> [*Exit* POINTZ.

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis !

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis !

*Enter* FRANCIS.

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. — Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

*Prince.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis !

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Five years ! by'r Lady,<sup>10</sup> a long lease for the clinking of pewter.<sup>11</sup> But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis !

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*tally-sticks* were in use. — *Bastard*, it seems, was the name of a certain wine. *In the Half-moon* refers to the person occupying that room.

<sup>9</sup> A *precedent* here means an *example* or *specimen*.

<sup>10</sup> "By our Lady" was a common oath; referring to Saint Mary the Virgin.

<sup>11</sup> Probably meaning pewter cups for serving wine.

*Prince.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see, — about Michaelmas<sup>12</sup> next I shall be —

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir. — Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

*Prince.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

*Prince.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prince.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis, —

*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* — wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,<sup>13</sup> crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

*Prince.* Why, then, your brown bastard<sup>14</sup> is your only

<sup>12</sup> Michaelmas, the festival of St. Michael and All Angels, falls on the 29th of September.

<sup>13</sup> The Prince refers to Francis's master, to whom he applies these contemptuous epithets. — *Nott-pated* is *shorn-pated*, or *cropped*; having the hair cut close. — *Puke-stockings* are *dark-coloured stockings*. *Puke* is a colour between russet and black. — *Caddis* was probably a kind of *ferret* or *worsted lace*. A slight kind of serge still bears the name of *cadis* in France.

<sup>14</sup> *Bastard wines* are said to be *Spanish wines* in general, by Olaus Magnus. He speaks of them with almost as much enthusiasm as Falstaff does of sack. — Making a remark or asking a question utterly irrelevant to the matter in hand, is an old trick of humour. We have had it once before in the question, "And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?" Here it is used for the purpose of mystifying poor Francis. Ben Jonson calls it "a game of vapours."

drink ; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully : in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir ?

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis !

*Prince.* Away, you rogue ! dost thou not hear them call ?  
 [*Here they both call him ; FRANCIS stands amazed,  
 not knowing which way to go.*]

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling ? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] — My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door : shall I let them in ?

*Prince.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] — *Pointz !*

*Re-enter POINTZ.*

*Pointz.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door : shall we be merry ?

*Pointz.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye ; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer ? come, what's the issue ?

*Prince.* I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.<sup>15</sup> — What's o'clock, Francis ?

*Fran.* [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman ! His industry

<sup>15</sup> The Prince means, apparently, that he is now up to any sort of game that will yield sport and pass away the time.



is up-stairs and down-stairs ; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North ; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life ! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day ? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he ; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after,—*a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff : I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,*<sup>16</sup> says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO ; followed by FRANCIS with wine.*

*Pointz.* Welcome, Jack : where hast thou been ?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! marry, and amen !—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,<sup>17</sup> and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards !—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant ? [*Drinks.*

*Prince.* Didst thou never see Titan<sup>18</sup> kiss a dish of butter ? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun ! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

<sup>16</sup> Of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered.—*Brawn* refers to Falstaff's plumpness and rotundity. Properly the word means any prominent muscular part of the body, especially of the arms.

<sup>17</sup> *Nether-stocks* were what we now call *stockings*.

<sup>18</sup> In the classical ages of Greece the name *Titan* was given to various mythological personages, supposed to be descended from the original Titans, and among others to *Helios*, the god of the Sun. In Shakespeare's time the name was in common use for the Sun.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too :<sup>19</sup> there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man : yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack : die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot<sup>20</sup> upon the face of the Earth, then am I a shotten herring.<sup>21</sup> There live not three good men unhang'd in England ; and one of them is fat, and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or any thing.<sup>22</sup> A plague of all cowards ! I say still.

*Prince.* How now, wool-sack ! what mutter you ?

*Fal.* A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,<sup>23</sup> and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales !

*Prince.* Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter ?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward ? answer me to that :—and Pointz there ?

<sup>19</sup> Putting lime in sack and other wines appears to have been a common device for making them seem fresh and sparkling, when in truth they were spiritless and stale. Eliot, in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, says, "The vintners of London put in lime, and thence proceed infinite maladies, especially the gout." "

<sup>20</sup> The meaning is, "if, when thou *shalt* die, manhood, good manhood, be not forgot," &c. Shakespeare has a great many instances of *shall* and *will* used indiscriminately.

<sup>21</sup> *A shotten herring* is one that has cast her spawn, and is therefore very lean and lank.

<sup>22</sup> Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in *Twelfth Night*. The Protestants who fled from the persecutions of Alva were mostly *weavers*, and, being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. Weavers were supposed to be generally good singers : their trade being sedentary, they had an opportunity of practising, and sometimes in parts, while they were at work.

<sup>23</sup> A *dagger of lath* was the weapon given to the Vice in the old Moral-plays ; hence it came to be a theme of frequent allusion. See *Twelfth Night*, page 119, note 17.

*Pointz.* Zwounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.— Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*Prince.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. A plague of all cowards! still say I. [*Drinks.*]

*Prince.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword<sup>24</sup> with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

*Prince.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen, —

<sup>24</sup> *Half-sword* appears to have been a term of fencing, for a close fight, or a fight within half the length of the sword.

*Fal.* Sixteen at least, my lord.

*Gads.* — and bound them.

*Peto.* No, no ; they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them ; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, —

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All ! I know not what ye call all ; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish : if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*Prince.* Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for : I have pepper'd two of them ; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward : <sup>25</sup> here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, —

*Prince.* What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal ; I told thee four.

*Pointz.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*Prince.* Seven? why, there were but four even now.

<sup>25</sup> *Old ward* is *old posture of defence* ; his usual mode of *warding* off the adversary's blows. See page 68, note 32. — In Falstaff's next speech but one, the words "*mainly thrust*" mean thrust *mightily*, or, as we say, "with might and main." The Poet has *main* repeatedly in this sense ; as "the main flood" and "the main of waters" ; that is, the *mighty ocean*.

*Fal.* In buckram?

*Pointz.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*Prince.* [*Aside to POINTZ.*] Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*Prince.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of, —

*Prince.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* — their points being broken, —

*Pointz.* Down fell their hose.<sup>26</sup>

*Fal.* — began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

*Prince.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green<sup>27</sup> came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prince.* These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou nott-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,<sup>28</sup> —

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

<sup>26</sup> The jest lies in a quibble upon *points*, Falstaff using the word for the *sharp end of a weapon*, Pointz for the *tagged lace* with which garments were then fastened. See *Twelfth Night*, page 44, note 3.

<sup>27</sup> *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood and his men. The colour took its name from *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture.

<sup>28</sup> A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher into a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler.



*Prince.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

*Pointz.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strapado,<sup>29</sup> or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons<sup>30</sup> were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, —

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish, — O, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,<sup>31</sup> —

*Prince.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and, when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this: —

*Pointz.* Mark, Jack.

*Prince.* — We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. — Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. — Then did we two set on

<sup>29</sup> The *strappado* was a dreadful punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals, by drawing them up on high with their arms tied backward. Randle Holme says that they were let fall half way with a jerk, which not only broke the arms, but shook all the joints out of joint; "which punishment it is better to be hanged than for a man to undergo."

<sup>30</sup> It appears that *reason* and *raisin* were pronounced alike.

<sup>31</sup> *Tuck* was one of the names for a straight, slim sword, also called *rapier*. This and all the foregoing terms are applied to the Prince in allusion to his slenderness of person. The Poet had historical authority for this; as Stowe says of the Prince, "He exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body *slender* and *lean*, and his bones small."

you four ; and, with a word,<sup>32</sup> outfaced you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can show it you here in the house : — and, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight ! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

*Pointz.* Come, let's hear, Jack ; what trick hast thou now ?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters : Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent ? should I turn upon the true Prince ? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true Prince. Instinct is a great matter ; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — [*To Hostess within.*] Hostess, clap-to the doors : watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you ! What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ?

*Prince.* Content ; and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me !

*Enter the Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord the Prince, —

<sup>32</sup> " *With* a word " is the same as *in* a word, or *in short*.

*Prince.* How now, my lady the hostess !<sup>33</sup> what say'st thou to me ?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you : he says he comes from your father.

*Prince.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man,<sup>34</sup> and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he ?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight ? Shall I give him his answer ?

*Prince.* Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

*Prince.* Now, sirs :—by'r Lady, you fought fair ;—so did you, Peto ;—so did you, Bardolph : you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince ; no, — fie !

*Bard.* Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*Prince.* Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd ?

*Peto.* Why, he hack'd it with his dagger ; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight ; and persuaded us to do the like.

<sup>33</sup> A sportive rejoinder to her "my lord the Prince." See *King Richard the Second*, page 156, note 14.

<sup>34</sup> The hostess has just called the messenger a *nobleman*. The Prince refers to this, and at the same time plays upon the words *royal man*. *Royal* and *noble* were names of coin, the one being 10s., the other 6s. 8d. If, then, the messenger were already a *noble* man, give him 3s. 4d., and it would make him a *royal* man. Hearne relates how "Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her Majesty, first said, 'My *royal* queen,' and a little after, 'My *noble* queen.' Upon which says the queen, 'What, am I ten groats worse than I was ?'"

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed ; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men.<sup>35</sup> I did that I did not this seven year before ; I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

*Prince.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,<sup>36</sup> and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire<sup>37</sup> and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away : what instinct hadst thou for it ?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you behold these exhalations ?

*Prince.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend ?

*Prince.* Hot livers and cold purses.<sup>38</sup>

*Bard.* Cholera, my lord, if rightly taken.

*Prince.* No, if rightly taken, halter.<sup>39</sup> — Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. —

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

How now, my sweet creature of bombast !<sup>40</sup> How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee ?

<sup>35</sup> We have before had "*true man*" repeatedly for *honest man* ; here "*true men*" means *brave men*, — men of pluck.

<sup>36</sup> "*Taken with the manner*" is an old phrase for *taken in the act*.

<sup>37</sup> The Prince means the fire in Bardolph's face.

<sup>38</sup> Hard drinking and no cash ; as drinking heats the liver and empties the purse.

<sup>39</sup> There is a quibble implied here between *cholera* and *collar*. It is observable that the Prince deals very much in this kind of *implied puns*, as if the Poet sought thereby to reconcile the native dignity of the man with his occasional levity and playfulness.

<sup>40</sup> *Bombast* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the cotton-plant the *bombast tree*. It is here used for the *stuffing of clothes*.

*Fal.* My own knee ! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist ; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring : a plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad : here was Sir John Bracy from your father ; you must to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy ; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon <sup>41</sup> the bastinado, and swore the Devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook, <sup>42</sup> — what a plague call you him ?

*Pointz.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, — the same ; and his son-in-law, Mortimer ; and old Northumberland ; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular, —

*Prince.* He that rides at high speed and with his pistol <sup>43</sup> kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*Prince.* So did he never the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him ; he will not run.

*Prince.* Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running !

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo ! but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

*Prince.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and

<sup>41</sup> A demon, who is described as one of the four kings who rule over all the demons in the world.

<sup>42</sup> The *Welsh hook* was a kind of hedging-bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert.

<sup>43</sup> Pistols were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakespeare's time.



one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps<sup>44</sup> more : Worcester is stolen away to-night ; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news : you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard ? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower ? art thou not horribly afraid ? doth not thy blood thrill at it ?

*Prince.* Not a whit, i'faith ; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father : if thou love me, practise an answer.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I ? content : this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a joint-stool,<sup>45</sup> thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown !

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept ; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.<sup>46</sup>

[*Drinks.*]

<sup>44</sup> *Blue-caps* being of old the national head-dress of Scottish soldiers, the Scotsmen themselves are here appropriately called *blue-caps*.

<sup>45</sup> An old form of speech, which we should invert : " a joint-stool is taken for thy state," &c. — *State* is often used by old writers for the official seat of Majesty, the *throne*. — *Stool* was in common use for what we call a chair ; and a joint-stool was a chair with a joint in it ; a *folding-chair*.

<sup>46</sup> The banter is here upon the play called " A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirthe, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia," by Thomas Preston, 1570. — *Passion* is here used, not for anger, but in the classical sense of *suffering, grief*.

*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.<sup>47</sup>

*Fal.* And here is my speech. — Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i'faith!

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet Queen; for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O, the Father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen;  
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players<sup>48</sup> as ever I see!

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.<sup>49</sup> — Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point: Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sun of heaven prove a micher,<sup>50</sup> and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to

<sup>47</sup> *Making a leg* was much used to signify a bow of reverence; an *obeisance*. See *Richard the Second*, page 66, note 8.

<sup>48</sup> *Harlotry* was sometimes used adjectively as a general term of reproach; equivalent, perhaps, to *ribald*.

<sup>49</sup> *Tickle-brain* appears to have been a slang term for some potent kind of liquor.

<sup>50</sup> A *micher* here means a *truant*. So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "How like a *micher* he stands, as if he had *truanted* from honesty." And in Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words and Phrases*: "*Moocher*. A *truant*; a 'blackberry moucher,' — a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries."

many in our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile ; so doth the company thou keepest : for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears ; not in pleasure, but in passion ; not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prince.* What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent ; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage ; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to threescore ; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff : if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month?

*Prince.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me ! if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.<sup>51</sup>

*Prince.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

*Prince.* Now, Harry, whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*Prince.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

<sup>51</sup> A *rabbit-sucker* is a *sucking rabbit*. — A *poulter* is a *poulterer*, a breeder of, or dealer in, poultry.

*Prince.* Swearst thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man,—a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch<sup>52</sup> of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard<sup>53</sup> of sack, that roasted Mannintree ox with the pudding in his belly,<sup>54</sup> that reverend Vice, that gray Iniquity,<sup>55</sup> that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,<sup>56</sup> but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your Grace would take me with you:<sup>57</sup> whom means your Grace?

*Prince.* That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*Prince.* I know thou dost.

<sup>52</sup> The receptacle into which meal is *bolted*.

<sup>53</sup> *Bombard* was generally used in the Poet's time for a large barrel; sometimes, however, for a huge leathern vessel for holding liquor, which is probably its meaning here.

<sup>54</sup> *Mannintree* was a place in Essex noted for its fine pastures and large oxen, and for the great fairs that used to be held there, at which the old plays called Moralities were performed, and eating and drinking were done on a large scale. It is not unlikely that on some of these occasions oxen may have been roasted whole with puddings done up in them, as is said in a ballad written in 1658: "Just so the people stare at an ox in the fair, roasted whole with a pudding in's belly."

<sup>55</sup> The Vice, sometimes also called Iniquity, was the stereotyped jester and buffoon of the old Moral-plays, which were going out of use in the Poet's time. See *Richard the Third*, page 110, note 8.

<sup>56</sup> *Cunning* is here used in the sense of *wise* or *knowing*.

<sup>57</sup> That is, let me understand you.

*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, — the more the pity, — his white hairs do witness it. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz; but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*Prince.* I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH, *running.*

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, ye rogue! — Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter the* Hostess, *hastily.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord, my lord, —

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh! the Devil rides upon a fiddlestick: <sup>58</sup> what's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold

<sup>58</sup> This is thought to be an allusion to the old Puritan horror of *fiddles* for the use made of them in dancing.



a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.<sup>59</sup>

*Prince.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your *major*:<sup>60</sup> if you will deny the sheriff,

<sup>59</sup> This passage has been a standing puzzle to the commentators; and I have never hitherto met with any comment that seemed to me to make any fitting and intelligible sense out of it. At length, Mr. Joseph Crosby has written me an explanation which I think fits the case all round, and is just the thing. The meaning is, "You are essentially, really, truly a madcap, and are not merely putting on the semblance or acting the part of one: it is a matter of character, and not of mere imitation, with you; and to say you have but assumed the role of a make-sport for the fun and humour of it, is like calling a true piece of gold a counterfeit." So that here, as in divers other places, *seeming* has the sense of *simulation* or *counterfeit*, and *without* the sense of *beyond*, *besides*, or *over and above*. In the mock play that Falstaff and the Prince have just been performing, the latter seeks to lay the blame of his splees and frolics upon "that villainous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff." Falstaff is of course unwilling that any such idea or representation of himself should be carried to the King. And when their game is interrupted by the report of the Sheriff's coming, Sir John wants to "play out the play," and to have the Prince practise a very different answer for his father; boldly assuming the responsibility of his madcap frolicsomeness, on the ground of its being a thing ingenerate in him, the spontaneous outcome of his native disposition, and not a mere part taken up under the leading or inspiration of Sir John. As they cannot continue the play, at last Falstaff throws the upshot of what further he has to say into the speech in question.—And Mr. Crosby justly gives a like explanation of the Prince's speech in reply: "And thou a natural coward, without instinct." Which means that he is a veritable, born coward; that his cowardice is ingenerate in him, and not, as he has alleged, the mere outcome of a special instinct stirred into act in a particular exigency or towards a particular person.

<sup>60</sup> Here, again, Mr. Crosby gives me a just and fitting explanation. Falstaff has some knowledge of technical terms in logic, such as the *major* and *minor premises* of a syllogism or proposition. But he here uses *major* in the sense of *proposition*, putting a part for the whole. It would seem that *major* and *mayor* were sounded much alike. So Falstaff makes a pun or quibble between *major*, as a term in logic, and *mayor*, as the head of a civic corporation, and the sheriff's official superior. So that his meaning is, "I deny your statement, what you have just said or affirmed: if you will deny the Sheriff, very well," &c.

so ; if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*Prince.* Go, hide thee behind the arras :<sup>61</sup> — the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had ; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

*Prince.* Call in the sheriff. —

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and POINTZ.*]

*Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me ?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue-and-cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*Prince.* What men ?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord, —  
A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*Prince.* The man, I do assure you, is not here ;  
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.<sup>62</sup>

<sup>61</sup> Tapestry was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as to keep it from being rotted by the dampness ; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. The old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.

<sup>62</sup> Shakespeare has been blamed for putting this falsehood into the Prince's mouth. The blame, whatever it be, should rather light on the Prince ; and even he is rather to be blamed for what he has all along been doing, than for what he now says. To have betrayed Falstaff, after what has passed between them, would have been something worse than telling a falsehood ; more wicked even, let alone the meanness of it. The Poet did not mean to represent the Prince as altogether unhurt by his connection with Sir John ; and if he had done so, he would have been false to nature.

And, sheriff, I'll engage my word to thee,  
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
For any thing he shall be charged withal :  
And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*Prince.* It may be so : if he have robb'd these men,  
He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*Prince.* I think it is good morrow, is it not ?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think't be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

*Prince.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.<sup>63</sup> Go,  
call him forth.

*Pointz.* Falstaff !—fast asleep behind the arras, and snort-  
ing like a horse.

*Prince.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his  
pockets. [POINTZ searches.] What hast thou found ?

*Pointz.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*Prince.* Let's see what they be : read them.

*Pointz.* [Reads.]

<i>Item, A capon,</i>	. . . . .	2s. 2d.
<i>Item, Sauce,</i>	. . . . .	4d.
<i>Item, Sack, two gallons,</i>	. . . . .	5s. 8d.
<i>Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,</i>		2s. 6d.
<i>Item, Bread,</i>	. . . . .	ob. <sup>64</sup>

<sup>63</sup> St. Paul's Cathedral is the object meant ; then the most conspicuous structure in London, its spire being five hundred feet high.

<sup>64</sup> *Ob.* is for *obolum*, which was the common mode of signifying a half penny.

*Prince.* O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack ! What there is else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage : there let him sleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score.<sup>65</sup> The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so, good morrow, Pointz.

*Pointz.* Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

---

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction<sup>1</sup> full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—will you sit down?—and uncle Worcester,—a plague upon it ! I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.  
Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur ;  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with  
A rising sigh he wisheth you in Heaven.

<sup>65</sup> Meaning that a march of twelve-score *yards* will be his death.

<sup>1</sup> *Induction* is used by Shakespeare for *commencement, beginning*. The introductory part of a play or poem was called the *induction*.

*Hot.* And you in Hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him : at my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets ;<sup>2</sup> ay, and at my birth  
The frame and huge foundation of the Earth  
Shaked like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

*Glend.* I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say the Earth was not of my mind, if you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then th' Earth shook to see the Heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseasèd Nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming Earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldam Earth, and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth,  
Our grandam Earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again, that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;

<sup>2</sup> *Cressets* were *lights* used as beacons, and sometimes as torches to light processions ; so named from the French, *croisette*, because the fire was placed on a little cross.



The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous in the frightened fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living, — clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, —  
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?  
And bring him out that is but woman's son  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there is no man speaks better Welsh. — I'll  
to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man ;  
But will they come when you do call for them ?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command  
The Devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the Devil  
By telling truth : tell truth, and shame the Devil.  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil !

*Mort.* Come, come,  
No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power ; thrice from the banks of Wye  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent  
Him bootless home and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too !  
How 'scaped he agues, in the Devil's name !

*Glend.* Come, here's the map : shall we divide our right  
According to our threefold order ta'en?

*Mort.* Th' archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits very equally.  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,<sup>3</sup>  
By south and east is to my part assign'd :  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower : — and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite<sup>4</sup> are drawn ;  
Which being sealèd interchangeably, —  
A business that this night may execute, —  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth  
To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days : —  
[*To* GLEND.] Within that space you may have drawn to-  
gether

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords :  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come ;  
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,  
Or there will be a world of water shed  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

<sup>3</sup> *Hitherto* was an adverb of place as well as of time.

<sup>4</sup> *Indentures* are *covenants* or *compacts* ; here called *tripartite* because there are three parties to them. Ordinarily they are between two parties, and then are drawn in duplicate. These were to be signed and sealed *interchangeably*, that each of the three parties might have a copy.

*Hot.* Methinks my moiety,<sup>5</sup> north from Burton here,  
 In quantity equals not one of yours :  
 See how this river comes me cranking in,<sup>6</sup>  
 And cuts me from the best of all my land  
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle<sup>7</sup> out.  
 I'll have the current in this place damn'd up ;  
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
 In a new channel, fair and evenly :  
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
 To rob me of so rich a bottom<sup>8</sup> here.

*Glend.* Not wind? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

*Mort.* Yea, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
 With like advantage on the other side ;  
 Gelding th' opposèd continent<sup>9</sup> as much  
 As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
 And on this north side win this cape of land ;  
 And then he runneth straight and evenly.

*Hot.* I'll have it so : a little charge will do it.

*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.*

Will not you?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.*

Who shall say me nay?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

<sup>5</sup> A *moiety* was often used by the writers of Shakespeare's age as a portion of any thing, though not divided into equal parts.

<sup>6</sup> To *crank* is to crook, to turn in and out.

<sup>7</sup> A *cantle* is a *portion*, a *corner* or *fragment* of any thing.

<sup>8</sup> *Bottom* is used of a low and level piece of land, such as the interval of a river.

<sup>9</sup> *Continent* was used in a general sense for that which holds in or contains any thing ; hence for the banks of a river.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you, then ;  
Speak it in Welsh.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;  
For I was train'd up in the English Court ;  
Where, being but young, I framèd to the harp  
Many an English ditty lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart :  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick<sup>10</sup> turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree ;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry :  
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend ;  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

*Glend.* The Moon shines fair ; you may away by night :  
I'll in and haste the writer,<sup>11</sup> and withal  
Break with<sup>12</sup> your wives of your departure hence :  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

*Hot.* I cannot choose : sometime he angers me

<sup>10</sup> *Canstick* was a common contraction of  *Candlestick*.

<sup>11</sup> The writer of the indentures already mentioned.

<sup>12</sup> *Break with* is old language for *breaking* or *opening a subject to*.

With telling me of the moldwarp<sup>13</sup> and the ant,  
 Of the dreamer Merlin<sup>14</sup> and his prophecies,  
 And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
 A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted<sup>15</sup> raven,  
 A couching lion and a ramping cat,  
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,  
 He held me last night at the least nine hours  
 In reckoning up the several devils' names  
 That were his lacqueys : I cried *hum*, and *well*,  
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
 As is a tirèd horse, a railing wife ;  
 Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live  
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill,<sup>16</sup> far,  
 Than feed on cates and have him talk to me  
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;  
 Exceedingly well-read, and profited  
 In strange concealments ;<sup>17</sup> valiant as a lion,  
 And wondrous affable, and as bountiful  
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?

<sup>13</sup> The *moldwarp* is the *mole* ; so called because it *warps* the surface of the ground into ridges.

<sup>14</sup> Merlin was a "great magician," whose "deep science and hell-dreaded might" was much celebrated in the ancient mythology of Wales. Some of his wonderful doings, especially his magic mirror, are choicely sung in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, iii. 2.

<sup>15</sup> To *moult* is used for birds shedding their feathers. *Moulted* for *moulting*. — *Griffin*, a fabulous animal, half lion, half eagle.

<sup>16</sup> Windmills were of old used in England for grinding corn, and of course were perched above the houses in which the grinding was done. Such a house would not be a very quiet place of residence. — *Cates*, in the next line, is *dainties* or *delicacies*.

<sup>17</sup> Skilled in wonderful secrets.



He holds your temper in a high respect,  
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
 When you do cross his humour ; faith, he does :  
 I warrant you, that man is not alive  
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
 Without the taste of danger and reproof :  
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blunt ;<sup>18</sup>  
 And since your coming hither have done enough  
 To put him quite beside his patience.  
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :  
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—  
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 Defect of manners, want of government,  
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain ;  
 The least of which haunting a nobleman  
 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
 Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd : good manners be your speed !  
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter* GLENDOWER, *with* Lady MORTIMER *and* Lady PERCY

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me,  
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps : she will not part with you ;  
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her she and my aunt Percy<sup>19</sup>

<sup>18</sup> The Poet has a similar expression in *King John*, v. 2 : "The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite : he flatly says he'll not lay down his arms."

<sup>19</sup> It has already been seen that Hotspur's wife was sister to Sir Edmund

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to Lady MORTIMER in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

*Glend.* She's desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,<sup>20</sup>

One no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady MORTIMER speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

*Mort.* I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pour'st down from those two swelling heavens<sup>21</sup>  
I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*Lady MORTIMER speaks to him again in Welsh.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation :  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a Summer's bower,  
With ravishing division,<sup>22</sup> to her lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run quite mad.

[*Lady MORTIMER speaks to MORTIMER again in Welsh.*

Mortimer, and aunt to the young Earl of March. And she has been spoken of in the play as Mortimer's sister, yet he here calls her his *aunt*. From which it appears that Shakespeare not only mistook Sir Edmund for the Earl of March, or rather followed an authority who had so mistaken him, but sometimes confounded the two.

<sup>20</sup> The more common meaning of *peevish* was *foolish*, and so, probably, here. — It appears that *harlotry* was used somewhat as a general term of reproach, without implying any such sense as we attach to *harlot*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 2, Capulet uses it of his daughter: "A peevish self-will'd *harlotry* it is."

<sup>21</sup> "Those two swelling *heavens*" are the lady's *cerulean* eyes, to be sure ; and *swelling*, as eyes are wont to do when preparing a shower.

<sup>22</sup> *Division* appears to have been used for what we call *accompaniment*. Some explain it *variations*. An accompaniment with variations, perhaps.

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this !

*Glend.* She bids you on the wanton rushes<sup>23</sup> lay you down,  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;  
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the East.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing :  
By that time will our book,<sup>24</sup> I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so :  
An those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,  
Yet straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down : come,  
quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose. [ *The music plays.*

*Hot.* Now I perceive the Devil understands Welsh ;  
And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous.<sup>25</sup>  
By'r Lady, he's a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but musical ; for

<sup>23</sup> English noblemen, even down to Shakespeare's time, had their floors carpeted with *rushes* ; and it would seem that even this was thought luxurious enough to be termed *wanton*.

<sup>24</sup> It was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a *book* in ancient times, such as patents, grants, articles, covenants, &c.

<sup>25</sup> It is rather difficult to keep up with the use of *humorous* and its cognates in the Poet's time. It was much applied to freaky, skittish persons, men addicted to sudden gusts and flaws. Perhaps our word *crotchety* comes as near to it as any now in use. See *The Merchant*, page 162, note 12 ; also *As You Like It*, page 46, note 26.

you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear Lady, my brach,<sup>26</sup> howl in Irish.

*Lady P.* Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.<sup>27</sup>

*Lady P.* Now God help thee!

*Hot.* Peace! she sings. [*A Welsh song by Lady MORT.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's<sup>28</sup> wife! *Not mine, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day;*

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbúry.<sup>29</sup>  
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave *in sooth*,  
And such protést of pepper-gingerbread,  
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>26</sup> *Brach* was a common term for a fine-nosed hound. It appears that *Lady* was the name of Hotspur's musical howler.

<sup>27</sup> It is not quite clear what may be the woman's fault intended. If the context be taken strictly, it must be an unwillingness either to have the head broken or to hold the tongue. Or it may be that a woman will neither talk reason nor be still when others talk it. But probably it is a sort of disguised or ironical compliment; that he cannot be still while he has his wife to talk to, or cannot listen to the singing while she keeps him talking.

<sup>28</sup> A *comfit-maker* is a maker of *confectionery*; that is, sugar-candies.

<sup>29</sup> Finsbury, now a part of the city, but formerly open walks and fields, was a common resort of the citizens for airing and recreation.

<sup>30</sup> *Velvet-guards*, or *trimmings of velvet*, were the city fashion in Shakespeare's time; here regarded as marks of softness or finicalness. — Sunday-

Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor,<sup>31</sup> or be redbreast-teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours ; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

*Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer ; you are as slow  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book's drawn ; we'll but seal, and then  
To horse immediately.

*Mort.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, and Lords.*

*King.* Lords, give us leave ; the Prince of Wales and I  
Must have some private conference : but be near at hand,  
For we shall presently have need of you. — [*Exeunt Lords.*  
I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in His secret doom, out of my blood<sup>1</sup>  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;  
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven

citizens are people in their Sunday-clothes or holiday finery. — *Peppering-bread* is gingerbread *spiced*, or, perhaps, finely-seasoned sweet-cake.

<sup>31</sup> Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing. The meaning is, "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds." — "The *next* way" is the *nearest* way.

<sup>1</sup> *Blood*, as often, for *person* ; that is, his person as represented in his progeny or offspring. The King is thinking of the wrong he has done to his own kindred, or family blood, in the person of Richard.



To punish my mistreadings.<sup>2</sup> Tell me else,  
 Could such inordinate and low desires,  
 Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,<sup>3</sup>  
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
 As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*Prince.* So please your Majesty, I would I could  
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
 As well as I am doubtless<sup>4</sup> I can purge  
 Myself of many I am charged withal :  
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
 As, in reproof of many tales devised  
 By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,<sup>5</sup> —  
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear, —  
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
 Find pardon on my true submission.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Mistreadings*, of course, for *misdoings* or *transgressions*. The speaker's conscience is ill at ease; and his sense of guilt in the discrowning of his cousin and the usurping of his seat arms his son's irregularities with the stings of a providential retribution.

<sup>3</sup> *Lewd* in its old sense of *wicked* or *depraved*. Repeatedly so. *Attempts* for *pursuits* or *courses*.

<sup>4</sup> As the Poet often uses *doubt* in the sense of *fear*, so here he has *doubtless* for *fearless*, that is, *confident*, or *sure*. So, once more, in *King John*, iv. 1: "Sleep *doubtless* and secure." — Here, as often, *quit* is *acquit*, with *myself* understood after it, just as *purge*. *As well* is simply redundant, save in point of metre.

<sup>5</sup> *News-mongers* are *tattlers* or *tale-bearers*; *sycophants*, in the proper classical sense of the term; that is, those who curry favour by framing or propagating scandalous *reports*. — *Reproof*, again, for *disproof*. See page 68, note 33.

<sup>6</sup> The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure: "Let me beg so much extenuation that, upon *confutation of many false charges*, I may be *pardoned some that are true*."

*King.* God pardon thee ! Yet iet me wonder, Harry,  
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
 Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,<sup>7</sup>  
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the Court and princes of my blood :  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
 Opinion,<sup>8</sup> that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession,  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at ;  
 That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*  
 Others would say, *Where, which is Bolingbroke ?*  
 And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> The Poet here anticipates an event that took place several years later. Holinshed, having just spoken of the Prince's assault on the Chief Justice, adds, "The king after expelled him out of his privie councill, banisht him the court, and made the duke of Clarence, his yoonger brother, president of councill in his stead."

<sup>8</sup> *Opinion* here stands for *public sentiment*. The Poet has it repeatedly in the kindred sense of *reputation*. — *Possession*, in the next line, is put for *the person in possession*; that is, of the throne.

<sup>9</sup> This innocent passage has drawn forth some very odd quirks of explanation, or obscuratation rather. Of course it means "I put all the graciousness and benignity of the heavens into my manners and address"; some

And dress'd myself in such humility,  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,<sup>10</sup>  
 Even in the presence of the crownèd King.  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
 Seldom but sumptuous, showèd like a feast,  
 And won by rareness such solemnity.<sup>11</sup>  
 The skipping King, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin<sup>12</sup> wits,  
 Soon kindled and soon burnt ; carded<sup>13</sup> his state,  
 Mingled his royalty, with capering fools ;<sup>14</sup>  
 Had his great name profanèd with their scorns ;  
 And gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push

what as in Wordsworth's well-known line, "The gentleness of heaven is on the sea."

<sup>10</sup> Meaning, caused both men's hearts to beat high with allegiant emotions towards himself, and their mouths to overflow with loud salutations. The Poet is very fond of the word *pluck* in the sense of *draw*, *pull*, or *rouse*.

<sup>11</sup> That is, such solemnity as belongs to a feast. *Solemnity* was often used of feasts of state ; much in the sense of *dignity*. Macbeth invites Banquo to "a solemn supper," when he means to have him murdered.

<sup>12</sup> *Bavins* are *brush-wood*, or *small fagots* used for lighting fires. So in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594 : "*Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt."

<sup>13</sup> This word has been explained in divers ways. The most probable meaning is shown in Bacon's *Natural History* : "It is an excellent drink for a consumption, to be drunk either alone, or *carded* with some other beer." Likewise in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* : "You *card* your beer (if you see your guests begin to get drunk) half small, half strong." So that "*carded* his state" probably means the same as "*mingled* his royalty" ; the latter being explanatory of the former.

<sup>14</sup> Alluding, no doubt, to the *dancing*, fashion-mongering sprigs that Richard the Second drew about him.

Of every beardless vain comparative ;<sup>15</sup>  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity ;<sup>16</sup>  
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey, and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much.  
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes  
 As, sick and blunted with community,<sup>17</sup>  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;  
 But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,  
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou ;  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation :<sup>18</sup> not an eye  
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more ;  
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*Prince.* I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,

<sup>15</sup> That is, every beardless, vain young fellow who affected wit, or was a dealer in comparisons. See page 63, note 20.

<sup>16</sup> *Gave himself up*, absolutely and entirely, to popularity. *To enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to give or grant any thing to another in fee-simple. *Popularity* here means vulgar intercourse, or promiscuousness.

<sup>17</sup> *Community* for commonness, or cheap familiarity.

<sup>18</sup> *Vile participation* for low, vulgar companionship.

Be more myself.

*King.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurge ;  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state<sup>19</sup>  
Than thou, the shadow of succession ;  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm ;  
Turns head against the lion's armèd jaws ;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,<sup>20</sup>  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renownèd Douglas ! whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority  
And military title capital<sup>21</sup>  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ :  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas : ta'en him once,

<sup>19</sup> We should now write *in* the state, but such was the usage of the Poet's time. So in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 1: "He is less frequent *to* his princely exercises than formerly." — *State for throne*, as often.

<sup>20</sup> The Poet with great dramatic propriety approximates the ages of the Prince and Hotspur, for the better kindling of a noble emulation between them. So that we need not suppose him ignorant that Hotspur was about twenty years the older. — *Harness*, two lines before, is *armour*. So in *Macbeth*, v. 5: "At least we'll die with *harness* on our back."

<sup>21</sup> *Majority* for *pre-eminence* or *priority*; and *capital* for *principal*; the *head* man of the age in soldiery.



Enlargèd him, and made a friend of him,  
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
 Th' Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, and Mortimer  
 Capitulate<sup>22</sup> against us, and are up.  
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?<sup>23</sup>  
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
 To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,  
 To show how much thou art degenerate.

*Prince.* Do not think so; you shall not find it so:  
 And God forgive them that so much have sway'd  
 Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son;  
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
 And stain my favour<sup>24</sup> in a bloody mask,  
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:  
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
 That this same child of honour and renown,  
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight,  
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.

<sup>22</sup> To *capitulate* formerly signified to *make articles of agreement*.

<sup>23</sup> So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Would I had met my *dearest* foe in Heaven or ever I had seen that day, Horatio." For this use of *dear* see *Twelfth Night*, page 125, note 6.

<sup>24</sup> The word *mask* ascertains *favour* to mean *face* here.

For every honour sitting on his helm,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
T' engross up glorious deeds<sup>25</sup> on my behalf ;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here :  
The which if I perform, and do survive,  
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;<sup>26</sup>  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this.  
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein. —

*Enter Sir* WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ! thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So is the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland<sup>27</sup> hath sent word  
That Douglas and the English rebels met  
Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury :

<sup>25</sup> As capitalists or speculators sometimes send out *factors*, that is, *agents*, to buy up and monopolize wool, grain, or other products.

<sup>26</sup> *Bands* and *bonds* were used indifferently for *obligations*. — *Intemperance* in the classical sense of lacking self-restraint or self-government.

<sup>27</sup> There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland* ; but there was a Scottish Earl of March and an English Earl of March, and this same

A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
 If promises be kept on every hand,  
 As ever offer'd foul play in a State.

*King.* The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;  
 With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;  
 For this advertisement<sup>28</sup> is five days old.  
 On Wednesday next you, Harry, shall set forward ;  
 On Thursday we ourselves will march :  
 Our meeting is Bridgenorth : and, Harry, you  
 Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,  
 Our business valuèd,<sup>29</sup> some twelve days hence  
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.  
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;  
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's-Head  
 Tavern.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am withered like an old apple-john.<sup>1</sup> Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,

ness of title probably led the Poet into a confusion of the names. The Scottish Earl of March was George Dunbar, who attached himself so warmly to the English that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of King Henry in this rebellion. See page 93, note 1.

<sup>28</sup> *Advertisement* is *intelligence*, or *information*.

<sup>29</sup> That is, an estimate being made of the business to be done.

<sup>1</sup> The apple-john was by no means the same as the apple-jack of later times, though the two may be some kin. The former was a variety of the apple, which is said to have kept two years. Thus described by Phillips : "*John-apple*, whose wither'd rind, entrench'd by many a furrow, aptly rep-

while I am in some liking ;<sup>2</sup> I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse :<sup>3</sup> the inside of a church ! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it : come, sing me a song ; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough ; swore little ; diced not above seven times a week ; paid money that I borrowed — three or four times ; lived well, and in good compass : and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, — out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life : thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,<sup>4</sup> — but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

resents decrepid age." And, in The Second Part, one of the persons, speaking of Falstaff, says, " The Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns ; and, putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights."

<sup>2</sup> The sense of *liking* is about the same as our phrase *good keeping*. Thus in the *Prayer-Book*, Psalm xcii. : " Such as are planted in the House of the Lord shall bring forth more fruit in their age, and shall be fat and *well-liking*." The English Psalter is much older than the version of 1611, which renders the same passage " fat and *flourishing*."

<sup>3</sup> That Falstaff was unlike a *brewer's horse* may be gathered from a conundrum in *The Devil's Cabinet Opened* : " What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse* ? — Because one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly."

<sup>4</sup> *Admiral* is, properly, the leading ship in a fleet or naval squadron ; hence transferred, as a title, to the head of a fleet. Of course the admiral was to go foremost, and in the night to bear a lantern conspicuous in the stern, or *poop*, that those in the rear might keep in her track.

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a *memento mori* : I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be, *By this fire, that's God's angel*.<sup>5</sup> but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gad's-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern :<sup>6</sup> but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap<sup>7</sup> at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years ; God reward me for it !

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your stomach !

*Fal.* God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd. —

*Enter the Hostess.*

How now, Dame Partlet the hen !<sup>8</sup> have you inquired yet who pick'd my pocket ?

<sup>5</sup> Alluding, probably, to *Exodus*, iii. 2: "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush ;" &c.

<sup>6</sup> *Candles and lanterns to let* were then cried about London, the streets not being then lighted.

<sup>7</sup> *Cheap* is the past participle of *cypan*, Sax., to traffic, to bargain, to buy and sell. *Good cheap* was therefore a *good bargain*. Our ancestors used *good cheap* and *better cheap* as we now use *cheap* and *cheaper*.

<sup>8</sup> *God-a-mercy* is an old colloquialism for *God have mercy*. — *Heart-burn* is an old name for the gastric pains caused by indigestion or acid fermenta-



*Host.* Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant : the tithe<sup>9</sup> of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, hostess : Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair ; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who, I? no ; I defy thee : God's light, I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, Sir John ; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John : you owe me money, Sir John ; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas :<sup>10</sup> I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters<sup>11</sup> of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.<sup>12</sup> You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings,<sup>13</sup> and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

tion. — " Dame Partlet the hen " is a highly-distinguished character in the story of *Reynard the Fox*. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 78, note 9.

<sup>9</sup> *The tithe* is the *tenth part* ; as in old ecclesiastical language.

<sup>10</sup> *Dowlas* is said to be from *Dowlens*, the name of a town in France, where a kind of coarse linen cloth was made.

<sup>11</sup> *Bolters* were *sieves*, used for sifting or bolting meal or flour.

<sup>12</sup> *Eight shillings an ell*, for Holland linen, appears a high price for the time ; but hear Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses* : " In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillings, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece ; yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least ; and yet that is scarsely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

<sup>13</sup> *By-drinkings* are drinkings between meals.

*Fal.* He had his part of it ; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor ; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How ! poor? look upon his face ; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks : I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker<sup>14</sup> of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper !

*Fal.* How ! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup :<sup>15</sup> 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. —

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, marching. FALSTAFF meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad ! is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two-and-two, Newgate-fashion.<sup>16</sup>

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*Prince.* What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well ; he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

*Prince.* What say'st thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras,

<sup>14</sup> *Younker* is here used for a novice, a dupe, or a person thoughtless through inexperience ; something like our *greenhorn*.

<sup>15</sup> Dyce says, "*sneak-cup* is plainly one who sneaks from his cup"; that is, dodges the liquor.

<sup>16</sup> Bardolph is somewhat keen here. Newgate was one of the London prisons ; and condemned criminals were wont to be marched off to prison, handcuffed together in pairs, or *two and two*, to keep them from escaping.

and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*Prince.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

*Prince.* What! he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune;<sup>17</sup> nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;<sup>18</sup> and, for womanhood, Maid Marian<sup>19</sup> may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.<sup>20</sup> Go, you thing, go.

<sup>17</sup> *Faith* here means *fidelity*. — Falstaff is something touched with a habit of looseness in his comparisons. It appears that *stewed prunes* were a favourite relish in houses of ill fame; and here the thing eaten seems to be put for the eater.

<sup>18</sup> "A *drawn fox*" is commonly said to mean a fox drawn or ousted from his cover, when he was supposed to have recourse to all sorts of cunning artifices, to elude his pursuers. It may be so; but I much prefer Heath's explanation: "A fox drawn over the ground, to leave a scent, and keep the hounds in exercise while they are not employed in a better chase. It is said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox."

<sup>19</sup> Maid Marian was the inward partner of Robin Hood, who, in the words of Drayton, "to his mistress dear, his loved Marian, was ever constant known." As this famous couple afterwards became leading characters in the morris dance, and as Marian's part was generally sustained by a man in woman's clothing, the name grew to be proverbial for a mannish woman.

<sup>20</sup> Here *to* has the force of *compared to*, or *in comparison with*. So that the meaning seems to be, "In respect of womanhood, you are as much below maid Marian as she is below the wife of the deputy of the ward." The

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing? I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

*Fal.* What beast! why, an otter.

*Prince.* An otter, Sir John, why an otter?

*Fal.* Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

*Prince.* Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought<sup>21</sup> him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Mayor, I think, or some other magistrate of the city, had a deputy, or substitute, in each ward. Of course it was an office of considerable dignity.

<sup>21</sup> *Ought* and *owed* are but different forms of the same word.

*Prince.* And why not as the lion?

*Fal.* The King himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.<sup>22</sup>

*Prince.* Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed<sup>23</sup> rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, — if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket-up wrong.<sup>24</sup> Art thou not ashamed!

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou see'st I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket?

*Prince.* It appears so by the story.

<sup>22</sup> "Ungirt, unblest" was an old proverb. And in the language of the Old Testament, the *girdle* is emblematic of authority, and of the qualities that inspire respect and reverence. So in Job xii. 18: "He looseth the bond of kings, and girdeth their loins with a girdle." Also in Isaiah xi. 5: "And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." So that Falstaff's meaning seems to be, "May I in my old age cease to be revered, if I be guilty of such a misplacement of reverence."

<sup>23</sup> *Emboss'd* was often used of certain sores, such as boils and carbuncles, when grown to a head. In this sense it might aptly refer to Falstaff's roundness of person. See *As You Like It*, page 71, note 12.

<sup>24</sup> Pocketing-up wrongs or injuries is an old phrase for tamely putting up with affronts, instead of resenting them with manly spirit. Of course the Prince has a punning reference to the forecited contents of Sir John's pocket.



*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee :<sup>25</sup> go, make ready breakfast ; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason ; thou see'st I am pacified. — Still ? Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit* Hostess.] — Now, Hal, to the news at Court : for the robbery, lad, how is that answered ?

*Prince.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee : the money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back ; 'tis a double labour.

*Prince.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.<sup>26</sup>

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*Prince.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of Foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels ; they offend none but the virtuous : I laud them, I praise them.

*Prince.* Bardolph, —

*Bard.* My lord ?

*Prince.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, My brother John ; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. —

[*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse ; for thou and I  
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time. — [*Exit* POINTZ.  
Meet me to-morrow, Jack, i' the Temple-hall

<sup>25</sup> A characteristic stroke of humorous impudence ; Falstaff making believe that he is the one sinned against, and not the sinner.

<sup>26</sup> Doing a thing with *unwashed hands* appears to be much the same as doing it *without gloves* ; that is, *thoroughly* or *unscrupulously*.

At two o'clock in th' afternoon :

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive  
Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;

And either they or we must lower lie. [Exit.

*Fal.* Rare words ! brave world ! — Hostess, my breakfast ;  
come : —

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum !<sup>27</sup> [Exit.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot : if speaking truth  
In this fine age were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As<sup>1</sup> not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general-current through the world.  
By God, I cannot flatter ; I defy<sup>2</sup>  
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself :

<sup>27</sup> Sir John prefers the leading of his gastric apparatus in the tavern to that of the military ensign, or of the drum, which was wont to be decorated with the colours of the regiment or battalion : so, as Mr. Joseph Crosby observes, "when he has heard the Prince giving orders to get ready for marching, he gives *his* orders to the Hostess to get ready for breakfast."

<sup>1</sup> *As* and *that* were used indiscriminately.

<sup>2</sup> *Defy*, again, for *refuse* or *abjure*. See page 79, note 22. — *Soothers* is *flatterers* ; a frequent usage.

Nay, task me to my word ; approve me,<sup>3</sup> lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour :

No man so potent breathes upon the ground  
But I will beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well. —

*Enter a Messenger with letters.*

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him ! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord ; he's grievous sick.

*Hot.* Zwounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick  
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?  
Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

*Wor.* I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;  
And at the time of my departure thence  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.<sup>4</sup>

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole  
Ere he by sickness had been visited :  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise ;  
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.  
He writes me here, that inward sickness, —  
And that his friends by deputation could not  
So soon be drawn ; nor did he think it meet  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

<sup>3</sup> "Approve me" is *make trial of me*, or *put me to the proof*.

<sup>4</sup> This way of using *fear* was not uncommon. See *King Richard the Third*, page 51, note 21.

On any soul removed, but on his own.  
 Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,  
 That with our small conjunction we should on,  
 To see how fortune is disposed to us ;  
 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
 Because the King is certainly possess'd<sup>5</sup>  
 Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off: —  
 And yet, in faith, 'tis not ; his present want  
 Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good  
 To set the exact wealth of all our states  
 All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
 It were not good ; for therein should we read<sup>6</sup>  
 The very bottom and the soul of hope,  
 The very list,<sup>7</sup> the very utmost bound  
 Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should ;  
 Where<sup>8</sup> now remains a sweet reversion ;  
 And we may boldly spend upon the hope  
 Of what is to come in :  
 A comfort of retirement<sup>9</sup> lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
 If that the Devil and mischance look big

<sup>5</sup> *Possess'd* is *informed*. Often so. See *Twelfth Night*, page 65, note 25.

<sup>6</sup> To *see*, to *learn*, to *discover* are among the old senses of to *read*. To "read the bottom" is to *try the uttermost*; to *exhaust*.

<sup>7</sup> *List* in the sense of *edge* or *border*, was quite common. A metaphor from the list of cloth.

<sup>8</sup> *Where* and *whereas* were used interchangeably in the Poet's time.

<sup>9</sup> *Retirement* is used with the same meaning as *reversion*, just before ; something to fall back upon.

Upon the maidenhood of our affairs.<sup>10</sup>

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had been here.  
 The quality and hair<sup>11</sup> of our attempt  
 Brooks no division : it will be thought  
 By some, that know not why he is away,  
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence :  
 And think how such an apprehension  
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
 And breed a kind of question in our cause ;  
 For well you know we of the offering side<sup>12</sup>  
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,  
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop<sup>13</sup> from whence  
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us :  
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear<sup>14</sup>  
 Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* Nay, you strain too far.  
 I, rather, of his absence make this use :  
 It lends a lustre and more great opinion,<sup>15</sup>  
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
 Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,

<sup>10</sup> The *youth, immaturity* of our affairs.

<sup>11</sup> *Hair* was used metaphorically for *complexion*, or *character*. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour* : "A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying." And in an old manuscript play entitled *Sir Thomas More* : "A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt to be a secretaries follower."

<sup>12</sup> The *offering* side is the *assailing* side.

<sup>13</sup> *Loop* is the same as *loop-hole*.

<sup>14</sup> Here, again, *fear* is put for the *thing feared*. The words *draws a curtain* (that is, *withdraws*) show that the Poet had in mind the personage called *Fear*, who figured on the old stage ; something like what we call a *fright*.

<sup>15</sup> *Opinion* is *fame, reputation*, in old English, as in Latin.



If we, without his help, can make a head  
 To push against the kingdom, with his help  
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.  
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think : there is not such a word  
 Spoken in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
 The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm : what more ?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,  
 The King himself in person is set forth,  
 Or hitherwards intendeth speedily,  
 With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
 The nimble-footed<sup>16</sup> madcap Prince of Wales,  
 And his comrades, that daff<sup>17</sup> the world aside,  
 And bid it pass ?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms ;  
 All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
 Bate it ;<sup>18</sup> like eagles having lately bathed ;<sup>19</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Stowe says of the Prince, " He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke, or doe, in a large parke."

<sup>17</sup> *Daff* is the same as *doff*, *do off*. Here it means *throw* or *toss*.

<sup>18</sup> *Estridge* is the old form of *ostrich*. The ostrich's plumage might naturally occur to the Poet, from its being the cognizance of the Prince. — To *bate* is an old term, meaning to *flutter* or *flap* the wings, as an ostrich does to aid its speed in running. Here *it* is used absolutely or indefinitely, and not as referring to any antecedent. So the Poet has such expressions

Glittering in golden coats, like images ;  
 As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And gorgeous as the Sun at midsummer ;  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 I saw young Harry — with his beaver<sup>20</sup> on,  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd —  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,

as "fight *it* out," "smooth'st *it* so," "revel *it*," "trip *it* as you go," and others. So that the meaning in the text is, "Their plumage showed as if they had been ostriches *struggling with, or beating against, the wind.*" Such is the upshot of the explanation lately given by Mr. A. E. Brae; who supports it by the following apt quotation from one of Lord Bacon's letters to Queen Elizabeth, 1600: "For now I am like a hawk that *bates* when I see occasion for service, but cannot fly, because I am tied to another's fist." Mr. Brae adds, "There can be no doubt that the first branch of the simile is an allusion to the egregious pluming of the helmets of those days, as represented in many an old illumination; and certainly the streaming of an ostrich's plumage, *when struggling against the wind*, presents a much more vivid image than when sailing before it."

<sup>19</sup> Here, again, I gladly avail myself of Mr. Brae's learned comments: "Eagles were supposed to renew their youth and vigour by plunging in certain springs. In the *Bestiare* of Philippe de Thaun, the story of the eagles seeking a certain fountain in the East, and, when plunged therein three times, having their youth and vigour renewed, is declared to be typical of baptism." Spenser makes use of the same fable in *The Faerie Queene*, i. II, where the hero, overcome and desperately wounded in his long fight with the "old Dragon," at last falls back into "a springing well, full of great vertues, and for med'cine good," and lies there all the night. Una, sorely distressed and dismayed at his fall, watches, to see the issue, till morning, when

At last she saw, where he upstart brave  
 Out of the well, wherein he drenchèd lay ;  
 As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,  
 Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,  
 And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay.

<sup>20</sup> The *beaver* of the helmet was a movable piece, which lifted up to enable the wearer to drink or to breathe more freely. Of course in time of action it was drawn down over the face.

And vault it with such ease <sup>21</sup> into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more : worse than the Sun in March,  
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;  
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,  
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them :  
 The mailèd Mars shall on his altar sit  
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
 And yet not ours. — Come, let me taste <sup>22</sup> my horse,  
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :  
 Harry and Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
 Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse. —  
 O, that Glendower were come !

*Ver.* There is more news :  
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the King's whole battle reach unto ?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be :  
 My father and Glendower being both away,  
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.

<sup>21</sup> Another instance like that remarked in note 18.

<sup>22</sup> The Poet repeatedly uses to *taste* for to *try*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 105, note 21.

Come, let us take a muster<sup>23</sup> speedily :  
Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying : I am out of fear  
Of death or death's hand for this one half-year. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A public Road near Coventry.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to Sutton-Co'fil'<sup>1</sup> to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain ?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.<sup>2</sup>

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour ; and if it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain : farewell. [ *Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet.<sup>3</sup> I have misused the King's press<sup>4</sup> damnably. I have

<sup>23</sup> To *take* a muster is to ascertain the number of troops assembled ; as we speak of taking a census.

<sup>1</sup> *Sutton-Co'fil'* is a contracted form of *Sutton-Coalfield*.

<sup>2</sup> This angel was a gold coin, which seems to have borne much the same relation to the English currency in Shakespeare's time, as the sovereign does now. — When Falstaff says " Lay out, lay out," he probably hands Bardolph the bottle, — a piece of plate, perhaps, which he has obtained in much the same way as he reckons upon getting his soldiers supplied with linen for their shirtless backs.

<sup>3</sup> The *gurnet* or *gurnard*, was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably deemed a vulgar dish when soused or pickled, hence *soused gurnet* was a common term of reproach.

<sup>4</sup> That is, misused the King's commission for *impressing* men into the

got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press'd me none but good householders, yeomen's sons ; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns ;<sup>5</sup> such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter,<sup>6</sup> with hearts in their bodies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick his sores ;<sup>7</sup> and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace ; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient :<sup>8</sup> and such have I, to fill up the rooms

military service. The King's press, in old times, was just about equivalent to what we have known as Uncle Sam's *draft*.

<sup>5</sup> To ask upon the banns, to ask the banns, and to publish the banns, are all phrases of the same import. The law, I believe, required that parties intending marriage should have the banns asked three times, in as many weeks, before the ceremony could take place. So that when the banns had been asked twice, the "joyful day" was pretty near.

<sup>6</sup> So in Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617: "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and *eaters of buttered toasts*." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*: "They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell suckers."

<sup>7</sup> The painted cloth here spoken of is the tapestry with which the walls of rooms used to be lined, and on which it was customary to have short sentences inscribed, and certain incidents of Scripture depicted, so as to combine ornament and instruction. See *As You Like It*, page 89, note 38.

<sup>8</sup> *Ancient* is an old corruption of *ensign*, and was used both for the *standard* and the *bearer* of it. Falstaff here means an old patched flag.—"Revolted tapsters" are tapsters who have run away from their masters, and who were bound by contract or indenture to serve as apprentices for a



of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.*

*Prince.* How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!<sup>9</sup>

*Fal.* What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy:<sup>10</sup> I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all, to-night.

term of years. Such is Francis, the "undersinker," in this play. — Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592, has an expression like one in the text: "All the *canker-worms* that breed in the rust of *peace*."

<sup>9</sup> *Blown* and *quilt* both have reference to Falstaff's plumpness; only the one supposes him to be plump with wind, the other, with cotton.

<sup>10</sup> "I ask your pardon." Falstaff is pretending not to have recognized his lordship at first, and so makes an apology.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me : I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*Prince.* I think, to steal cream, indeed ; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after ?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prince.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut ; good enough to toss ;<sup>11</sup> food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit as well as better : tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, — too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that ; and, for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

*Prince.* No, I'll be sworn ; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste : Percy is already in the field. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the King encamp'd ?

*West.* He is, Sir John : I fear we shall stay too long.

[*Exit.*

*Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.*

It may not be.

<sup>11</sup> Good enough to toss upon pikes ; a war phrase of the time.

*Doug.* You give him, then, advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well:  
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,—  
And I dare well maintain it with my life,—  
If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:  
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle  
Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,  
Being men of such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: certain Horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:  
Your uncle Worcester's Horse came but to-day;  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated and brought low:  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the King exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*]

*Enter Sir* WALTER BLUNT.

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the King,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God  
You were of our determination!  
Some of us love you well; and even those some  
Envy your great deservings and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality,<sup>1</sup>  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so,  
So long as out of limit and true rule  
You stand against anointed majesty!  
But, to my charge: The King hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs;<sup>2</sup> and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty. If that the King  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed  
You shall have your desires with interest,

<sup>1</sup> The Poet in several instances uses *quality* in the classical sense of *kind*, *nature*, or *condition*.—I am not quite clear as to the meaning of *envy* here. Taken in its present sense, it will hardly cohere with the logic implied in *because*. In Shakespeare, the more common meaning of *envy* (substantive) is *malice* or *hatred*. Probably the verb is here used in the sense of *to hate*; as, in theological and political strifes, the very worth of those who are not on our side generally makes us hate them the more; or, which comes to the same thing, makes us disparage their good name.

<sup>2</sup> *Griefs* for *grievances*; the effect for the cause.

And pardon absolute for yourself and these  
Herein misled by your suggestion.<sup>3</sup>

*Hot.* The King is kind ; and well we know the King  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father and my uncle and myself  
Did give him that same royalty he wears ;  
And — when he was not six-and-twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home —  
My father gave him welcome to the shore :  
And — when he heard him swear and vow to God,  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery and beg his peace,<sup>4</sup>  
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal —  
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less<sup>5</sup> came in with cap and knee ;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him

<sup>3</sup> The Poet commonly uses *suggestion* for *temptation* or *instigation*.

<sup>4</sup> To sue one's livery and to beg one's peace are old law terms, and are here used with strict propriety. On the death of a person who held by the tenure of knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's ; but, if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him. At the same time he offered his homage, that being the condition of his tenure ; which was to *beg the peaceable* enjoyment of his lands. When Bolingbroke was in exile, his father having died, the King denied him this right, and seized the lands to his own use. See *Richard the Second*, page 76, note 27.

<sup>5</sup> That is, the great and the small ; men of all ranks.



Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
 He presently — as greatness knows itself<sup>6</sup> —  
 Steps me a little higher than his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurge ;  
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
 Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth ;  
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
 Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,  
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for :  
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads  
 Of all the favourites, that the absent King  
 In deputation left behind him here  
 When he was personal in the Irish war.<sup>7</sup>

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then to the point :

In short time after, he deposed the King ;  
 Soon after that, deprived him of his life ;  
 And, in the neck of that, task'd<sup>8</sup> the whole State :  
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March  
 (Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
 Indeed his king) to be engaged<sup>9</sup> in Wales,

<sup>6</sup> Meaning when he saw what greatness was within his reach, or knew how great he might be.

<sup>7</sup> Commanding in person in the Irish war.

<sup>8</sup> *Task'd* is here used for *taxed*. The usage, though common, was not strictly correct ; a *task* being more properly a *tribute* or *subsidy*. Thus Phillips, in his *World of Words* : "*Tasck* is an old British word, signifying *tribute*, from whence haply cometh our word *task*, which is a duty or labour imposed upon any one."

<sup>9</sup> To be *engaged* is to be *pledged* as a hostage. So in v. 2 : "And Westmoreland that was *engaged* did bear it." See page 77, note 15.

There without ransom to lie forfeited ;  
 Disgraced me in my happy victories,  
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;  
 Rated my uncle from the Council-board ;  
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court ;  
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong ;  
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
 This head of safety ; and withal to pry  
 Into his title, the which now we find  
 Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the King?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw awhile.  
 Go to the King ; and let there be impawn'd  
 Some surety for a safe return again,  
 And in the morning early shall my uncle  
 Bring him our purposes : and so, farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and love.

*Hot.* And may be so we shall.

*Blunt.*

Pray God you do.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK and Sir MICHAEL.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael ; bear this sealèd brief<sup>1</sup>  
 With wingèd haste to the Lord Marshal ;<sup>2</sup>  
 This to my cousin Scroop ; and all the rest  
 To whom they are directed. If you knew

<sup>1</sup> A *brief* is a short writing, as a *letter*.

<sup>2</sup> The office of Lord Marshal was hereditary in the Mowbray family. The Lord Marshal at this time was Thomas Mowbray.

How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good lord,

I guess their tenour.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch ; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with Lord Harry : and, I fear, Sir Michael,  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
Who with them was a rated sinew too,<sup>3</sup>  
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies, —  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the King.

*Sir M.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear ; there's  
Douglas

And Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer's not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
And there's my Lord of Worcester ; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is : but yet the King hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together ;  
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt ;  
And many more corrivals and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

<sup>3</sup> A strength on which they reckoned.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;  
 And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed :  
 For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King  
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
 For he hath heard of our confederacy ;  
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him :  
 Therefore make haste. I must go write again  
 To other friends ; and so, farewell, Sir Michael. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, LANCASTER, Sir WALTER  
 BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

*King.* How bloodily the Sun begins to peer  
 Above yon bosky<sup>1</sup> hill ! the day looks pale  
 At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The southern wind  
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;  
 And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
 Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —

[*The Trumpet sounds.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Bosky* is *woody, bushy*. So in Milton's *Comus* :

I know each lane, and every alley green,  
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
 And every *bosky* bourn from side to side,

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

How now, my Lord of Worcester ! 'tis not well  
 That you and I should meet upon such terms  
 As now we meet. You have deceived our trust ;  
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
 To crush our old limbs<sup>2</sup> in ungentle steel :  
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
 What say you to't? will you again unknit  
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?  
 And move in that obedient orb<sup>3</sup> again  
 Where you did give a fair and natural light ;  
 And be no more an exhaled meteor,  
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
 Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege :

For mine own part, I could be well content  
 To entertain the lag-end of my life  
 With quiet hours ;<sup>4</sup> for, I do protest,  
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You have not sought it ! why, how comes it, then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prince.* Peace, chewet,<sup>5</sup> peace !

<sup>2</sup> The King was at this time but thirty-six years old. But in his development of historical characters Shakespeare had little regard to dates, so he could bring the substance of historic truth within the conditions of dramatic effect ; and he here anticipates several years in the King's life, that he may make Prince Henry old enough for the course of action ascribed to him.

<sup>3</sup> *Obedient orb* is *orbit of obedience*. The Poet often has *orb* for *orbit*.

<sup>4</sup> *Hours* is here a dissyllable.

<sup>5</sup> The meaning of *chewet* is thus explained from Bacon's *Natural History* : " As for *chueets*, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk."



*Wor.* It pleased your Majesty to turn your looks  
Of favour from myself and all our House ;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The dangers of the time. You swore to us, —  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster, —  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :  
To this we swore our aid. But in short space  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you, —  
What with our help, what with the absent King,  
What with the injuries of a wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious winds that held the King  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars  
That all in England did repute him dead, —  
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand ;  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;  
And, being fed by us, you used us so  
As that ungentele gull, the cuckoo-bird,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> The cuckoo has a habit of laying her eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest,

Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
 That even our love durst not come near your sight  
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing  
 We were enforced, for safety-sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :  
 Whereby we stand opposèd<sup>7</sup> by such means  
 As you yourself have forged against yourself,  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These things, indeed, you have articulate,<sup>8</sup>  
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,<sup>9</sup>

and leaving them there to be hatched by the owner. The cuckoo chickens are then cherished, fed, and cared for by the sparrow as her own children, until they grow so large as to "oppress *her* nest," and become so greedy and voracious as to frighten and finally drive away their feeder from her own home. Something of the same kind is affirmed of the cuckoo and *tillark* in Holland's Pliny, which first came out in 1601, some years after this play was written: "The *Titling*, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another birde; and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow*, being once fledged and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat her up that hatched her." Shakespeare seems to have been the first to notice how the *hedge-sparrow* was wont to be treated by that naughty bird. — *Gull* here means "unfledged nestling." So several editors say; still I doubt it, and suspect it has the sense of the Latin *gulo*, a voracious eater.

<sup>7</sup> "We stand opposèd" here means "we stand in opposition to you."

<sup>8</sup> *Articulate* is here used in the past tense for *articulated*, as in the passage from Holland's Pliny in the preceding note: "Being once *fledge* and readie to flie abroad." To *articulate* is to set down in articles.

<sup>9</sup> *Discontents* for *malcontents*. So, again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 4: "To the ports the *discontents* repair."

Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
Of hurlyburly innovation :  
And never yet did insurrection want  
Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*Prince.* In both our armies there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes,  
This present enterprise set off his head,<sup>10</sup>  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,  
More daring or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, — I may speak it to my shame, —  
I have a truant been to chivalry ;  
And so I hear he doth account me too :  
Yet this before my father's Majesty, —  
I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*King.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
Albeit considerations infinite  
Do make against it. — No, good Worcester, no ;  
We love our people well ; even those we love  
That are misled upon your cousin's part ;  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,

<sup>10</sup> His present rebellion being excepted or struck off from his record.

Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :  
 So tell your cousin, and then bring me word  
 What he will do : but, if he will not yield,  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply :  
 We offer fair ; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

*Prince.* It will not be accepted, on my life :  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.

*King.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;  
 For, on their answer, will we set on them :  
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt the King, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.*]

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride  
 me,<sup>11</sup> so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

*Prince.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friend-  
 ship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well.

*Prince.* Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.* ✓]

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loth to pay Him before  
 His day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not  
 on me? Well, 'tis no matter ; honour pricks me on. Yea,  
 but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then?  
 Can honour set-to a leg? no : or an arm? no : or take away  
 the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery,  
 then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word,

<sup>11</sup> In the battle of Agincourt, Prince Henry, then king, did this act of  
 friendship for his brother, the Duke of Gloster.

*honour?* air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon:<sup>12</sup>—and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Rebel Camp.*

*Enter* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
The liberal-kind offer of the King.

*Ver.* 'Twere best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The King should keep his word in loving us;  
He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults:  
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;  
For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.<sup>1</sup>  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks;  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot:

<sup>12</sup> That is, a mere heraldic *emblazonry*, that can do nothing.

<sup>1</sup> "A *wild trick*" is a trick of *wildness*, or of *running wild*, inherited from his ancestors. In fact, the fox, I believe, cannot be so tamed but that he will run wild again on the first opportunity.



It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,  
 And an adopted name of privilege, —  
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :  
 All his offences lie upon my head  
 And on his father's : we did train him on ;  
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
 In any case, the offer of the King.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.  
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter* HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS ; *Officers and Soldiers behind.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd : deliver up  
 My Lord of Westmoreland.<sup>2</sup> — Uncle, what news ?

*Wor.* The King will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, I shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the King.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid !

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,  
 By new-forswearing that he is forsworn :  
 He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge  
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter* DOUGLAS.

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have thrown  
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Westmoreland had been retained by Hotspur in pledge for the safe return of Worcester.

And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it ;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the King,  
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads ;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day  
But I and Harry Monmouth !<sup>3</sup> Tell me, tell me,  
How show'd his tasking?<sup>4</sup> seem'd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soul : I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man ;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise valued with you :  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital<sup>5</sup> of himself ;  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,  
As if he master'd there a double spirit,  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.<sup>6</sup>  
There did he pause : but let me tell the world,  
If he outlive the envy<sup>7</sup> of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,

<sup>3</sup> Prince Henry was so surnamed from the town of Monmouth in Wales, where he was born.

<sup>4</sup> *Tasking* was used for *reproof*. We still say "he took him to *task*."

<sup>5</sup> To *cite* is to quote, allege, or mention any passage or incident.

<sup>6</sup> *Instantly* has here the sense of *at the same time*. — *Master'd* is equivalent to *was master of*.

<sup>7</sup> Here, as usually in old English, *envy* means *malice*. — *Owe*, in the next line, is *own*. Continually so in Shakespeare.

So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamouréd  
Upon his follies : never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.<sup>8</sup>  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy. —  
Arm, arm with speed : and, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now. —  
O gentlemen, the time of life is short !  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.<sup>10</sup>  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !  
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare ; the King comes on apace.

<sup>8</sup> "So wild of liberty" plainly means *using his freedom so wantonly*.

<sup>9</sup> A rather strange shaping of language, though not more so than many other passages in Shakespeare. It may be translated something thus : "You can better kindle your spirits to the work by thinking with yourselves what is to be done, than my small power of speech can heat your courage up for the fight by any attempts at persuasion."

<sup>10</sup> The meaning is, that if life were vastly shorter than it is, if it were measured by an hour, it were still too long to be spent basely.

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,  
 For I profess not talking ; only this,  
 Let each man do his best : and here draw I  
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
 With the best blood that I can meet withal  
 In the adventure of this perilous day.  
 Now, *Esperancè!*<sup>11</sup> Percy ! and set on.  
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
 And by that music let us all embrace ;  
 For, Heaven to Earth,<sup>12</sup> some of us never shall  
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Plain between the Camps.*

*Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle.*  
*Then enter DOUGLAS and Sir WALTER BLUNT, meeting.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
 Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek  
 Upon my head ?

*Doug.* Know, then, my name is Douglas ;  
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus  
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought  
 Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, King Harry,

<sup>11</sup> *Esperancè*, or *Esperanza*, was the motto of the Percy family. *Esperancè* is here a word of four syllables. So in Holinshed : " Then suddenlie blew the trumpets, the kings part crieng S. George upon them, the adversaries cried Esperance, Persie, and so the two armies furiouslie joined."

<sup>12</sup> A wager of Heaven against Earth is probably meant.

This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot ;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death. [ *They fight, and BLUNT is slain.* ]

*Enter* HOTSPUR.

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I never had triumphèd o'er a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won ; here breathless lies the King.

*Hot.* Where ?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas ? no ; I know this face full well :  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;  
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, where're it goes !  
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear :  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

*Hot.* The King hath many masking in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;  
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,  
Until I meet the King.

*Hot.* Up, and away !  
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [ *Exeunt.* ]

*Alarums. Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear  
the shot here ; here's no scoring but upon the pate.<sup>1</sup>— Soft !

<sup>1</sup> Falstaff has tavern thoughts and customs running in his mind ; the mode of an inn-keeper's accounts being to *score* the items either by chalk-marks made upon the wall, or by notches cut in a stick.— There is a pun



who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity!<sup>2</sup> I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end,<sup>3</sup> to beg during life. But who comes here?

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*Prince.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword: Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths as yet are unrevenged: I pr'ythee, Lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory<sup>4</sup> never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*Prince.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

implied in *shot-free*. Sir John was shot-free at Eastcheap, though not *scot-free*: here he is scot-free, but not exactly *shot-free*. It seems likely, from this passage, that in *scot* the *c* was soft in the Poet's time, so as to give a pronunciation the same as in *shot*. To pay one's *shot* is to pay one's *score*, that is, *bill* or *reckoning*, at a tavern; and to be *shot-free* is to have one's entertainment *without charge*.

<sup>2</sup> The negative, "*no vanity*," is here used ironically, to indicate the excess of a thing; a frequent usage in colloquial speech.

<sup>3</sup> *The town's end* probably means the poor-house; or perhaps a hospital for war-maimed soldiers.

<sup>4</sup> That is, Pope Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. Fox, in his *Martyrology*, had made Gregory so odious that the Protestants would be well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one.

*Prince.* Give it me : what, is it in the case ?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal. 'Tis hot, 'tis hot : there's that will sack a city. [The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.

*Prince.* What, is't a time to jest and dally now ?

[Throws it at him, and exit.

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.<sup>5</sup> If he do come in my way, so ; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado<sup>6</sup> of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath : give me life ; which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [Exit.

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND.*

*King.* I pr'ythee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too much. —  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*Lan.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*Prince.* I do beseech your Majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze<sup>1</sup> your friends.

*King.* I will do so. —  
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

<sup>5</sup> "Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him," is addressed to the Prince as he goes out ; the rest of the speech is soliloquy. — It would seem from this, that *pierce* and the first syllable of *Percy* were sounded alike.

<sup>6</sup> A *carbonado* is a piece of meat slashed into stripes for roasting or broiling. A piece of pork is commonly *carbonadoed* on the rind side, to be baked with beans.

<sup>1</sup> *Amaze* is here used in its original sense of to *bewilder* or cast into a *maze*. — *Make up* has the force of *advance*, the opposite of *retire*.

*Prince.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help :  
 And God forbid, a shallow scratch should drive  
 The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
 Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
 And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !<sup>2</sup>

*Lan.* We breathe too long :— come, cousin Westmoreland,  
 Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt* LANCASTER and WESTMORELAND.]

*Prince.* By Heaven, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster ;  
 I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :  
 Before, I loved thee as a brother, John ;  
 But now I do respect thee as my soul.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point  
 With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
 Of such an ungrown warrior.

*Prince.* O, this boy  
 Lends mettle to us all !

[*Exit.*]

*Alarums.* Enter DOUGLAS.

*Doug.* Another king ! they grow like Hydra's heads :  
 I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
 That wear those colours on them. — What art thou,  
 That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

*King.* The King himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,  
 So many of his shadows thou hast met,  
 And not the very King. I have two boys  
 Seek Percy and thyself about the field :

<sup>2</sup> This battle took place in July, 1403, when Prince Henry was but sixteen years old. It appears, however, that, boy as he was, he did the work of a man. Holinshed relates that early in the battle he was hurt in the face with an arrow, insomuch that several tried to withdraw him from the field ; but that he, fearing the effect this might have on his men, insisted on staying with them to the last, and never ceased to fight where the battle was hottest.

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee ; so, defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit ;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :  
But mine I'm sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.<sup>3</sup>

[*They fight ; the King being in danger, re-enter P. HENRY.*

*Prince.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm :  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee ;  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay. —

[*They fight : DOUGLAS flies.*

Cheerly, my lord : how fares your Grace ?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton : I'll to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe awhile :  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;<sup>4</sup>  
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prince.* O God, they did me too much injury  
That ever said I hearken'd for your death !  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
Th' insulting hand of Douglas over you,

<sup>3</sup> The matter is thus delivered by Holinshed : " This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the king, crieng saint George, victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downe, and at that instant slue sir Walter Blunt and three others, apparalled in the kings sute and clothing, saieng, I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise, one in the necke of an other. The king indeed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes ; for, as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands, six and thirtie persons of his enemies."

<sup>4</sup> *Opinion*, again, for *reputation*. See page 152, note 15.

Which would have been as speedy in your end  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

*King.* Make up to Clifton : I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* HOTSPUR.

*Ho.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prince.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prince.*

Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry ; for the hour is come

To end the one of us ; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

*Prince.* I'll make it greater ere I part from thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Well said,<sup>5</sup> Hal ! to it, Hal ! Nay, you shall find  
no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Re-enter* DOUGLAS ; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down*  
*as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. *HOTSPUR is*  
*wounded, and falls.*

<sup>5</sup> The phrase *well said* was often used in the sense of *well done*.



*Hot.* O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth !  
 I better brook the loss of brittle life  
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;  
 They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh :  
 But thoughts the slaves of life, and life Time's fool,  
 And Time that takes survey of all the world,  
 Must have a stop.<sup>6</sup> O, I could prophesy,  
 But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
 Lies on my tongue : no, Percy, thou art dust,  
 And food for — [*Dies.*

*Prince.* For worms, brave Percy : fare thee well, great  
 heart !

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !  
 When that this body did contain a spirit,  
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;  
 But now two paces of the vilest earth  
 Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead  
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
 I should not make so dear a show of zeal :  
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven !

<sup>6</sup> This passage has been commonly misunderstood. Probably the right construction is, to take *thoughts, life, and time* as subjects of *must have*. So that the meaning comes thus : " But thoughts, which are the slaves of life, and life, which is Time's fool, and even Time itself, that takes survey of all the world, must have an end."

<sup>7</sup> *Favours* refers to the scarf with which he covers Percy's face. Covering the face of a dead person is an old ceremony of reverential tenderness ; perhaps connected some way, either as cause or effect, with the ancient belief that the robins were wont to cover the faces of unburied men.

Thy ignomy<sup>8</sup> sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

[Sees FALSTAFF on the ground.

What, old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spared a better man :

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity !

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Embowell'd<sup>9</sup> will I see thee by-and-by :

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.

*Fal.* [*Rising.*] Embowell'd ! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder<sup>10</sup> me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ! I lie ; I am no counterfeit : to die, is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better part I have saved my life. — Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead : how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure ; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.

<sup>8</sup> *Ignomy* was a common contraction of *ignominy*.

<sup>9</sup> To *embowel* was the old term for *embalming* the body, as was usually done to persons of rank.

<sup>10</sup> To *powder* was the old word for to *salt*.

Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [Takes HOTSPUR on his back.

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and LANCASTER.*

*Prince.* Come, brother John ; full bravely hast thou flesh'd Thy maiden sword.

*Lan.* But, soft ! whom have we here ?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead ?

*Prince.* I did ; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding Upon the ground. —

Art thou alive ? or is it fantasy  
That plays upon our eyesight ? I pr'ythee, speak ;  
We will not trust our eyes without our ears :  
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain ; I am not a double man : but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.<sup>11</sup> There is Percy ! [Throwing the body down.] if your father will do me any honour, so ; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou ? — Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying ! — I grant you I was down and out of breath ; and so was he : but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so ; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh : if the man were alive, and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*Lan.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

*Prince.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John. —

<sup>11</sup> *Jack* was used as a term of contempt, like our *jackanapes*.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back :  
 For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
 I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. —

[*A retreat sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat ; the day is ours.  
 Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,  
 To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY and LANCASTER.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him ! If I do grow great, I'll grow less ; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON Prisoners.*

*King.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—  
 Ill-spirited Worcester ! did we not send grace,  
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you ?  
 And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary ?  
 Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust ?  
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
 A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
 Had been alive this hour,  
 If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne  
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I have done my safety urged me to ;  
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*King.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too :  
Other offenders we will pause upon. —

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

*Prince.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;  
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised  
That the pursuers took him.<sup>1</sup> At my tent  
The Douglas is ; and I beseech your Grace  
I may dispose of him.

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prince.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong :  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :  
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*King.* Then this remains, that we divide our power. —  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :  
Myself, — and you, son Harry, — will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

<sup>1</sup> To conclude, the kings enemies were vanquished and put to flight, in which flight the earle of Dowglas, for hast falling from the crag of an hie mounteine, brake one of his cullions, and was taken, and, for his valiantnesse, of the king franklie and freele delivered. — HOLINSHED.



Meeting the check of such another day :  
And since this business<sup>2</sup> so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Business* is a trisyllable here, as in various other instances.

## CRITICAL NOTES.

---

### ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 57. *Of prisoners, Hotspur took*

*Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest son*

*To beaten Douglas.* — The article *the*, needful to the metre, is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Pope.

P. 57. *Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.* — So Rann. Instead of *Faith, 'tis*, at the beginning of this speech, the old copies have *In faith it is* at the conclusion of the preceding speech.

### ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 67. *Farewell, thou latter Spring.* — The old copies have *the* instead of *thou*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 67. *Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men,* &c. — Instead of *Bardolph* and *Peto*, the old copies have *Harvey* and *Rossill*, which were doubtless the names of the actors who performed those parts. Such substitutions of names are not uncommon in old editions of plays. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 68. *Provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap.* — So Capell. The old copies read “meet me *to-morrow night*,” which can hardly be right, since the Prince is here directing Pointz to provide the things necessary for the part they are to play in the robbery, such as *visards, cases of buckram,* &c.; and the time set for the robbery is “*to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill.*”

P. 68. *By breaking through the foul and ugly mists*

*And vapours that did seem to strangle him.* — The old text has

"mists *Of* vapours." Such an expression, I think, was not good English in Shakespeare's time; and we have repeated instances of & misprinted *of*. Dyce prints "mists *Of* vapour."

## ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 69. *My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,*

As you have found me; for, accordingly, &c. — The old text reads "And you have found me." The correction is Lettsom's.

P. 70. *And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.*

North. *My good lord, —*

King. *Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see*

*Danger and disobedience in thine eye.* — The old text lacks *good* in Northumberland's speech. The insertion has the joint sanction of Pope, Walker, and Collier's second folio.

P. 71. *Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,*

*Fresh as a bridegroom.* — So Pope. The old copies read "neat and trimly dress'd."

P. 71. *I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
Out of my grief and my impatience*

*To be so pester'd with a popinjay,*

*Answer'd neglectingly, &c.* — So Capell. The old text transposes the second and third lines. The correction was proposed by Edwards and Johnson.

P. 71. *He should, or he should not; for't made me mad*

*To see him shine so brisk, &c.* — The old text reads "for he made me mad."

P. 73. *Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears?* — Hanmer and Collier's second folio read "indent with foes," and rightly, I suspect. It is indeed certain that *fears* was often put for things or persons feared; still I am apt to think that *foes* agrees better with the context here. Staunton prints *feers*, an old word for *companion* or *mate*. I cannot see what business such a word should have here. See foot-note 9.

P. 74. *Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, from henceforth*

*Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.*—The old copies read “Art *thou* not asham’d,” and lack *from*, thus totally defeating the rhythm of the line. Lettsom would strike out *thou*, and take *henceforth* as a trisyllable. But I think the Poet nowhere else uses it so. On the other hand, in the first speech of this scene we have “I will *from* henceforth rather be myself.”

P. 75. *Was he not proclaim'd*

*By Richard that is dead the next of blood?*—The old text has “By Richard that *dead is*,”—a very awkward inversion. Walker’s correction.

P. 77. *And to your quick-conceiving discontent*

*I’ll read you matter deep and dangerous.*—So Walker. The old text has *discontents*; which would be in accordance with the usage of the time in addressing more than one person. But this is addressed to Hotspur only.

P. 77. *If we fall in, good night, or sink or swim!*—The old copies read “If *he* fall in.” Theobald proposed and Hanmer printed *we*. Heath, also, strongly approves that reading, as nothing precedes to which the pronoun *he* can refer.

P. 79. *Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool*

*Art thou, to break into this woman’s mood.*—So the first quarto. The other old copies have *waspe-tongue* and *waspe-tongu’d*. The meaning of *wasp-stung* I take to be, “as fretful and snappish as if stung by wasps”; which aptly describes Hotspur’s behaviour. *Wasp-tongue* or *wasp-tongued* would seem to mean that his speech is *waspish*, or as *stinging* and *spiteful* as a wasp; which does not suit the occasion so well, though a good sense in itself.

#### ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 84. *There is ne’er a king in Christendom could be better bit than,* &c.—So the folio. The quartos “ne’er a king *christen* could be,” &c.

P. 86. *But with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers; such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray.*—For *tranquillity* and *great oneyers* Collier's second folio substitutes *sanguinity* and "*great ones—yes, such as can,*" &c. By *tranquillity* I have always understood *persons of leisure*, or "at their ease," as Capell explains it; and I do not see how *sanguinity* gives any clearer or better sense. "Great oneyers," I take it, are simply what are sometimes called "big bugs";—"a cant variation of *great ones,*" says Johnson. Perhaps I ought to add that Theobald substituted "*great moneyers*"; Hanmer, "*great owners*"; and Capell, "*great mynheers.*"

## ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 90. Pointz. *O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.*

Bard. *What news?*

Gads. *Case ye, case ye; on with your visards, &c.*—The old copies run the first two of these speeches together into one, thus: "*O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: Bardolfe, what newes?*" Here the prefix *Bardolfe* evidently got printed as a part of the speech. And in the third speech, instead of the prefix *Gads.*, the old copies have *Bar.* The present arrangement and distribution of the speeches are Johnson's.

P. 93. *Away, good Ned. Fat Falstaff sweats to death,*

*And lards the lean earth as he walks along.*—So Capell. The old text lacks *Fat*, which is needed both for the metre and for the antithesis with *lean*. In case of two or more successive words beginning with the same letters, one of them is very apt to drop out.

## ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 95. *Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain.*—The old copies have "*prisoners ransome.*" Capell proposed the correction; and Walker points out many clear instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded.



P. 95. *Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,*

*And thou hast so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, &c.* — Instead of *thou hast*, the old copies have *thus hath*. The correction was proposed by Capell; and Walker says, "Read '*And thou hast*,' &c." He seems not to have been aware of Capell's conjecture.

P. 96. *Come, come, you paraquito, answer me*

*Directly to this question that I ask.* — The old copies read "Directly *unto* this question." Hardly worth noting, perhaps.

#### ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 98. *Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, &c.* — None of the commentators, so far as I know, have satisfactorily explained "*fat room*." I have hardly any doubt we ought to read "*hot room*." So, in the last scene of *Hamlet*, we have "He's *fat*, and scant of breath"; where I am quite satisfied that *hot* is the right word. See foot-note 2.

P. 103. *He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, &c.* — Here "*at a breakfast*" apparently means "*before breakfast*." Dyce says, "An anonymous critic proposes *after*." I suspect the anonymous proposer is right; as "*after breakfast*" would accord better with the words, "how many hast thou kill'd *to-day*?"

P. 103. *Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun.* — The old copies repeat *Titan* instead of *butter*; a palpable error, which, however, Staunton retains. Theobald made the correction.

P. 107. *Thou nott-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech.* — The old copies have "*knotty-pated*;" and "*tallow catch*." The first was corrected by Douce, and the correction is justified by a previous speech in this scene: "Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal button, *nott-pated*, agate-ring," &c. As to *catch*, this was probably but another spelling of *keech*. See foot-note 28.

P. 108. *Away, you starveling, you eel-skin.* — So Hanmer. The old text has "*elfe-skin*."

P. 108. *We two saw you four set on four ; you bound them, &c.* — The old copies read “*and bound them.*” Corrected by Pope.

P. 114. *For God’s sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen.* — The old editions have “*trustful Queene*”; an error which the context easily rectifies.

P. 117. *Banish not him thy Harry’s company, banish not him thy Harry’s company.* — I suspect, with Dyce, that Pope was right in rejecting the last six words “*as an accidental repetition.*” To my thinking, the sense is much better every way, without them.

P. 118. *Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.* — All the old copies till the third folio have *made* instead of *mad*.

P. 119. *Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.* — The last *a* is wanting in the old copies. Supplied in Collier’s second folio.

P. 120. *Pointz. Falstaff! — fast asleep behind the arras, &c.* — Here, and in the dialogue that follows about Falstaff, the old copies have *Peto* instead of *Pointz*. This is clearly wrong, as *Pointz* is in the Prince’s confidence, and *Peto* is not. And the fact of *Pointz* having acted with the Prince in the robbery business is conclusive that his name is the right one here. We have the same mistake again near the close of the third Act: “*Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse.*” The correction was made by Johnson, who justly remarks, “*What had Peto done, to be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? Pointz has the Prince’s confidence, and is a man of courage.*”

#### ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 121. *Lord Mortimer, — and cousin Glendower, — will you sit down? — and uncle Worcester, — a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.* — This and the three following speeches of Hotspur I have no scruple in printing as prose. In the folio, two of them, the first and the fourth, are indeed printed as verse; and some modern editions give them all in that shape; but, even after using hardly warrantable liberties with the text, they make them verse

only to the eye. For example, Dyce, in the second speech, changes *oft* to *often*, and, in the third, "had *but* kitten'd" to "had kitten'd," and *never* to *ne'er*; — a pretty bold proceeding at the best, while the result is far from satisfying on the score of metrical harmony.

P. 122. *The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; ay, and at my birth*

*The frame and huge foundation of the Earth, &c.* — So Capell. The old copies are without *ay* in the second line. Glendower, throughout this scene, is careful of his rhythm and numbers; and I can hardly think the Poet meant to spot him with so gross a breach in that kind.

P. 123. *The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds*

*Were strangely clamorous in the frightened fields.* — So Pope. The old text has "clamorous *to* the frightened fields." I do not understand the meaning of *to* here.

P. 123. *How'scaped he agues, in the Devil's name?* — The old copies have *scapes* instead of 'scaped. Corrected in Collier's second folio. I am not quite sure that the correction ought to pass.

P. 124. *And in my conduct shall your ladies come;*

*From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,  
Or there will be a world of water shed*

*Upon the parting of your wives and you.* — So Walker, and, I think, with evident propriety. The old text has *For* instead of *Or*. Walker produces several clear instances of the same misprint; as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7: "These quicksands, Lepidus, keep off them, *for* you sink."

P. 125. *And then he runneth straight and evenly.* — The old copies have "And then he *runnes* straight and *even*." Capell printed "runs *straightly* and *evenly*," and is followed by Dyce. Collier's second folio reads "runs *all* straight and *evenly*."

P. 126. *I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land*

*To any well-deserving friend.* — An octo-syllabic line seems quite out of place here. Hanmer, to cure the defect, printed "*As that* to any well-deserving friend"; which, to my sense, is a worse defect

than the old one of metre. Walker suggests "To any *worthy*, well-deserving friend"; but queries, as he well may, whether this would not be a tautology. Still it is much better than Hanmer's. If I were to venture any supplementing of the verse, it would be *noble* or *honest*.

P. 126. *The Moon shines fair; you may away to-night:*

*I'll in and haste the writer, and withal*

*Break with your wives, &c.*—The words *I'll in*, which are needful both for sense and metre, are wanting in the old copies, and were proposed by Steevens.

P. 127. *He held me last night at the least nine hours*

*In reckoning up the several devils' names*

*That were his lacqueys: I cried hum, and well,*

*But mark'd him not a word.*—In the first of these lines the old text is without *the*, and to the third it adds *go to*, which Pope struck out. Ritson comments upon the addition thus: "These two senseless monosyllables seem to have been added by some foolish player, purposely to destroy the metre."

P. 127.

*O, he's as tedious*

*As is a tirèd horse, a railing wife.*—So Capell. The old copies lack *is* in the second line; an omission not to be endured.

P. 128. *In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blunt.*—The old text has "too wilfull *blame*." Walker says, "Of course, 'too wilful-blunt'; and so Johnson suggests." Dyce, however, retains *blame*, and refers to Nares, who shows that the phrase *to blame* is a corruption of *too blame*, which formerly meant *too blamable* or *blameworthy*. But it seems to me that the phrase, even so explained, does not yield a fitting sense here.

P. 128. *Good father, tell her she and my aunt Percy*

*Shall follow in my conduct speedily.*—The old text mars the rhythm by thrusting in the useless word *that* between *her* and *she*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 129. *One no persuasion can do good upon.*—Here, again, the metre is spoilt in the old copies by inserting *that* after *One*.

P. 129. *I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pour'st down from those two swelling heavens  
I am too perfect in.* — So Pope and Lettsom. The old copies read “*these swelling heavens.*” The omission of *two* untunes the verse utterly. Pope’s reading gives just the sense required, meaning, of course, the lady’s *sky-blue* eyes, which seem to grow larger when brightened with tears.

P. 129. *Nay, if you melt, then she will run quite mad.* — Here *quite* is wanting in the old text. Dyce says, “This addition occurred to me before I knew that Capell had inserted it.”

P. 130. *An those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,  
Yet straight they shall be here.* — Instead of *An* and *Yet*, at the beginning of the first and third lines, the old copies have *And* in both places. But *an*, the old equivalent of *if*, was very often printed *and*; and here the word probably got repeated from the first line in the place of *Yet*. The latter word was substituted by Rowe.

P. 131. *Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife ! Not mine, in  
good sooth ; and, As true as I live ; &c.* — The old copies have *you* instead of *mine*; the former having probably crept in by mistake from the line before. Collier’s second folio changes *you* into *yours*, and Lettsom would substitute *I*. But, as Hotspur is repeating his wife’s oathlets, it appears to me that *mine* is the right word.

P. 132. *Come, come, Lord Mortimer ; you are as slow  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book's drawn ; we'll but seal, and then  
To horse immediately.*

Mort. *With all my heart.* — The Poet often closes a scene with one or more rhyming couplets. So I strongly suspect we ought to read here with Collier’s second folio :

By this our book is drawn : we'll seal, and *part*  
To horse immediately.

*Mort.*

With all my heart.



## ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 133. *Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts.* — The old copies have *bare* instead of *base*. The two words were often confounded. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 133. *As, in reproof of many tales devised*

*By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers, —*

*Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear.* — The old text has the second and third of these lines transposed. The correction was proposed by Keightley.

P. 135.

*Carded his state,*

*Mingled his royalty with capering fools.* — So the first quarto. The other old copies have *carping* instead of *capering*. For "*carded his state*" Collier's second folio substitutes "*discarded state*," and is followed by White; very unadvisedly, I think. *Carded*, taken as the word was often used, gives a very fitting sense, namely, "mixed, and debased by mixing." So in Bishop Andrewes' Sermons, quoted by Mr. Arrowsmith: "And these — for that by themselves they will not utter — to *mingle* and to *card* with the Apostles' doctrine." See footnote 13.

P. 138. *The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, and Mortimer*

*Capitulate against us, and are up.* — The old text omits *and* in the first of these lines. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 138. *When I will wear a garment all of blood,*

*And stain my favour in a bloody mask.* — So Hanmer and Warburton. The old text has *favours*. The context shows that the Prince means his own *face* or *countenance*, and the plural can hardly give that sense.

P. 139. *This, in the name of God, I promise here:*

*The which if I perform, and do survive.* — So the folio. The quartos read "The which if *he be pleas'd* I shall performe."

P. 139. *How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.*

\* Blunt. *So is the business that I come to speak of.*—The old copies read “*So hath the business.*” A very palpable error.

P. 140. *On Wednesday next you, Harry, shall set forward;*

*On Thursday we ourselves will march.*—The old text reads “*On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward.*”

### ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 148. *Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,  
My brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.—  
Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse; for thou and I  
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.—  
Meet me to-morrow, Jack, i' the Temple-hall*

*At two o'clock in th' afternoon.*—In the second of these lines, the old copies have “*To my brother John*”; in the third, “*Go, Peto, to horse*”; in the fourth, “*to ride yet ere dinner-time*”; and in the fifth, “*Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall.*” Yet they print the whole speech as verse. Some modern editors print the whole as prose; and I have been rather slow in coming to the conclusion that they are wrong in doing so. In truth, without the several changes I have noted, the speech is neither fairly verse nor fairly prose, but an awkward and hobbling mixture of the two. Withal, it is quite certain that *Peto* should be *Pointz*. See the last of these notes on the second Act, page 194.

### ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 150. *His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.*—The first two quartos have “*not I my mind*”; the other old copies, “*not I his mind.*” Corrected by Capell.

P. 150. *He writes me here, that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation could not*

*So soon be drawn.*—The first of these lines is manifestly incomplete both in sense and in metre; and I suspect it was purposely left so, as a casual note of Hotspur's impatience and perturbation of mind. Capell, however, printed “*that inward sickness holds him.*” If I were to make any change, it would be “*that inward sickness,—and—  
And,*” &c.

P. 151. *Where now remains a sweet reversion ;  
And we may boldly spend upon the hope  
Of what is to come in.*—So Capell. The old copies are without *And* in the second line. “That this speech is mutilated, there can be little doubt,” says Dyce.

P. 152. *That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.*  
Hot. Nay, *you strain too far.*—The old text is without *Nay*; and possibly the verse was not meant to be complete. Capell reads “*Come, you strain too far.*”

P. 153. *There is not such a word  
Spoken in Scotland as this term of fear.*—Instead of *Spoken*, the old text has *Spoke of*. The correction is Lettsom’s. I question whether it was ever English to use *spoke of* as an equivalent for *spoken*.

P. 153. *The King himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intendeth speedily.*—So Collier’s second folio. The old text has *intended*. An easy misprint.

P. 153. *And his comrâdes, that daff the world aside,  
And bid it pass.*—So Dyce; and notes upon the text as follows: “Here *daft* of the old editions is a present tense, merely a corrupt spelling of *doft*.—Formerly, to words ending with *f* it was not unusual to add a *t*.”

P. 153. *All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
Bate it; like eagles having lately bathed.*—So the old copies, except that they have *Bated* instead of *Bate it*, and lack the (;) after *Bated*. The change was lately proposed by Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell University, and is fully justified from the conditions of the passage, and by ancient usage.—Rowe printed “like estridges that *wing* the wind; *Bated* like eagles;” &c.; and is followed by several editors, Staunton, White, and Dyce among them; in deference to whom I once gave up the old reading: but I now return to it in full confidence under the better advice of Mr. A. E. Brae, who justly notes it as “perfectly legitimate” to take *bated with* as equivalent to *struggled*

*against.* The only difficulty I can see in the text arises from the circumstance of the verb being in the past tense, where it should properly be in the present, *bate*. But this, I think, is fairly obviated by reading *bate it*. See foot-note 18.

P. 154. *I saw young Harry — with his beaver on —*

*Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,*

*And vault it with such ease into his seat, &c.* — The old text has *vaulted*; an instance something like that remarked in the preceding note; where *vault* would obviously be more proper. For the sake of grammatical accuracy, Capell printed "And *vault* with such an ease." The reading in the text was suggested by Malone, but occurred to me independently.

P. 155. *Harry and Harry shall, hot horse to horse,*

*Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.* — The old copies read "Harry to Harry shall." To speak of one person as meeting to another, is not English, and, I think, never was. The correction is Lettsom's.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 156. *We'll to Sutton-Co'fil' to-night.* — So the Cambridge Editors and Dyce, who are doubtless well-booked in the particulars of English geography and nomenclature. The old text has "Sutton-cophill." See foot-note 1.

P. 157. *I press'd me none but good householders, yeomen's sons, inquired me out, &c.* — Instead of *press'd* and *inquired*, the old text has *presse* and *inquire*. But the context leaves no doubt that those verbs should be in the past tense.

P. 157. *Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick his sores.* — The old copies have *licked*.

P. 158. *There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, &c.* — The old copies read "There's not a shirt and a half." *But* and *not* were often misprinted for each other: still I am not sure but the change meddles too much with Falstaff's idiom.

## ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 160. *You speak it out of fear and cold heart.* — We have here an unpleasant breach of prosody, or what seems such. White, however, takes *fear* as a dissyllable. Pope printed “out of fear, and *from* cold heart.” Collier’s second folio has “fear and *a* cold heart.” I think it would not be un-Shakespearian to read “fear and cold of heart.”

P. 160. *I hold as little counsel with weak fear*

*As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives.* — So Pope. The old text reads “any Scot that *this day* lives.” It is hardly credible that the Poet would have thus damaged his verse and weakened his sense at the same time.

P. 160. *That not a horse is half the half himself.* — So Steevens. The old copies have “half the half of himself”; which Pope changed to “half half of himself.”

P. 162. *To sue his livery and beg his peace,*

*With tears of innocence and terms of zeal.* — The old text has *innocency*. The two forms were often confounded.

P. 164. *And withal to pry*

*Into his title, the which now we find*

*Too indirect for long continuance.* — So Dyce. The old copies are without *now* in the second of these lines. Of course the word has been inserted, to repair the metre; yet it can hardly be said to make the line rhythmical.

## ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 167. *You have not sought it! why, how comes it, then?* — The old text is without *why*. The gap thus left in the verse has sometimes been filled up with *well*. I think *why* accords better with the tone of the speech.

P. 168. *And, being fed by us, you used us so*

*As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo-bird,*

*Useth the sparrow.* — So Walker. The old text has “*Cuckowes Bird.*”



P. 171. *So tell your cousin, and then bring me word  
What he will do.*—So Capell. The old copies lack *then*.

P. 171. *What is honour? a word. What is that word honour?  
air.*—So the folio. The first three quartos read “What is *in* that  
word, honour? *What is that honour? Air.*”

## ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 172. *Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes.*—The old  
copies have *Supposition*. Corrected by Rowe. As Alexandrines are  
rare in this play, much effort has been made, to get rid of two syllables  
here.

P. 173. *All his offences lie upon my head  
And on his father's.*—The old text has *live* instead of *lie*. The  
two words were often confounded, as Walker abundantly shows.

P. 173. *Marry, I shall, and very willingly.*—So Pope. The old  
copies read “Marry *and* shall.”

P. 173. *Which he mended thus,  
By new-forswearing that he is forsworn.*—The old text has  
“By *now* forswearing.” Corrected by Walker; who produces many  
like instances of *new* and *now* confounded.

P. 175. *Cousin, I think thou art enamouréd  
Upon his follies: never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.*—In the second line, the old  
copies have *On* instead of *Upon*. In the third line, the quartos have  
“wilde *a* liberty,” the folio, “wilde *at* liberty.” We find almost num-  
berless instances of *a* printed for *o'*. “Wild *of* liberty” means “wild  
*in respect of* liberty,”—a frequent usage. Dyce, following Capell,  
prints “so wild a *libertine*,” which seems to me rather strange.

## ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 176. *What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou crossest me?*—So Hamner. The old copies omit *the*.

P. 177. *A fool go with thy soul where're it goes.* — So Capell. The old copies have “*whither it goes.*” Both sense and metre favour the change.

P. 177. *The King hath many masking in his coats.* — The old text has *marching* instead of *masking*, which is from Collier’s second folio; a very happy correction.

P. 178. *There’s but three of my hundred and fifty left alive.* — Here, again, the old copies have *not* instead of *but*. See note on “*There’s but a shirt and a half,*” &c., page 201.

P. 178. *Whose deaths as yet are unrevenged: I pr’ythee  
Lend me thy sword.* — Instead of *as yet are*, the old copies have *are yet*, and *are*. Corrected by Dyce.

## ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 179. *I do beseech your Majesty, make up.* — So Pope and Collier’s second folio. The old copies omit *do*.

P. 181.

*The spirits*

*Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm.* — The old text has “*are in my armes.*” Pope reduced the line from an Alexandrine to a regular verse by omitting *valiant*.

P. 183. *They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:*

*But thoughts the slaves of life, and life Time’s fool,*

*And Time that takes survey of all the world,*

*Must have a stop.* — So the first quarto. The other old copies have “*But thought’s the slave of Life.*” Lettsom notes upon the passage thus: “The readings of the second quarto are sophistications by one who did not see that *thoughts* as well as *time* were nominative cases before *must have*, and consequently supposed that the syntax was defective for want of a verb.” — I suspect we ought to read *thought* and *slave* instead of *thoughts* and *slaves*. — See foot-note 6.

P. 185. *I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding*

*Upon the ground.* — Here, again, the old text has *On* instead of *upon*, which is Capell’s reading.

## ACT V., SCENE 5.

P. 186. Since *not to be avoided it falls on me*. — I suspect we ought to read, with Collier's second folio, "*Which not to be avoided falls on me.*"

P. 187. *Even in the bosom of our adversaries*. — After this line, the first four quartos put the following speech into the mouth of Lancaster :

I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall give away immediately.

This comes pretty near being absurd ; for it makes the Prince say he will *give away the courtesy*.











JUL 24 1908



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 998 015 3

